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A MAN'S GOOD-BYE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

Good-bye! I shall not see you in the morning,
So I must then say the sad words now—
What was there in our golden, fleeting summer,
To leave this wistful shadow on your brow,
And in your eyes? I thought you seemed so gay,
Like some wild woodland bird, so free from care—
Cheeks bright with roses, and the sunshine's glow
Lingering in every ripple of your hair.

I scarce can dare to think our summer's over—
It has been all too brief and bright for me,
How often I shall dream we are together,
And wake to find you but a memory!
And you, light heart, will you not cast a thought
Toward that land where I so soon shall be?
In the gay winter that is yet to come,
Think sometimes of the summer past and me!

'Tis late, and you must seek those vanished roses
Within the realms of sleep's healing land—
A last good-night, and may you be as happy
In all the years to come! Give me your hand.

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER I.

The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.
R. H. D.

About six miles from the mainland of Scotland, with its rock-bound coast washed by the waters of the broad Atlantic, was an islet, known in the days of which I write as Macdonald's Isle.

The island was small—about two miles in length and the same in breadth—but fertile, rough, and rocky. A deep, unbroken silence ever reigned here, save when some gay party from the opposite coast visited the island to fish or shoot. Sometimes during the summer pleasure parties were held here, but in the winter all was silent and dreary on the lonely, isolated little spot.

This island had been from time immemorial in the possession of a family named Macdonald handed down from father to son. The people of the surrounding country had learned to look upon them as the rightful lords of the soil, "to the manor born." The means by which it had first come into their possession were seldom thought of, or if thought of, only added to their reputation as a bold and daring race. The legend ran, that long before the union, came over a certain Sir Malcolm Macdonald, a celebrated freebooter and scion of the noble Scottish clan of that name, who for some reckless crime had been outlawed and banished, and in revenge had become a pirate, making this solitary island the place of his rendezvous. Here, with his band of dare-devils—all outlaws like himself—he held many a jolly carousal that made the old rocks ring. In one of his adventures he had taken captive a young Spanish girl, whose wondrous beauty at once conquered a heart all unused to the tender passion. He bore off his prize in triumph, and without asking her consent made her his wife at the first port he touched. Soon, however, tiring of her company on shipboard, he brought her to his island home, and there left her to occupy his castle, while he sailed merrily away. One year afterwards, Sir Malcolm the Dauntless, as he was called, was conquered by an English sloop-of-war; and true to his daring character, he blew up his vessel, and together with his crew and captors perished in the explosion.

After him, from one generation to another, the Macdonalds ruled as lords of the isle, and became in after years as noted for their poverty as their pride. A reckless, improvident race they were, caring only for to-day, and letting to-morrow care for itself; quick and fierce to resent injury or insult, and implacable as death or doom in their hate. Fierce alike in love and hatred, the Macdonalds were known and dreaded for miles around. From sire to son the fiery blood of Sir Malcolm the Dauntless passed unadulterated, and throbbed in the veins of Oscar Macdonald, the late master of the lodge, in a darker, fiercer stream than in any that had gone before. At his death, which took place some two or three years previous to the opening of our story, his son Malcolm, a true descendant of his illustrious namesake, became the lord and master of the isle, and the last of the Macdonalds. Young Malcolm showed no disposition to pass his days in the spot where he was born. After the death of his father, Malcolm resolved to visit foreign lands, and leave Macdonald's Lodge to the care of an old servant, Nurse Allie, as she was familiarly called, and her son Evan, both of whom had passed their lives in the service of the family, and considered that in some sort the honor of the house lay in their hands.

Vague rumors were current that the old house was haunted. Fishermen out casting their nets avowed that at midnight, blue, unearthly lights flashed from the upper chambers—where it was known old Allie never went—and wild, piercing shrieks, that chilled the blood with horror, echoed on the still night air. The superstitious whispered that Oscar had been sent back by his master, the Evil One, to atone for his wicked deeds done in the flesh, and that his restless spirit would ever haunt the old lodge, the scene, it was believed, of many an appalling crime.

Be that as it may, the old house was deserted save by old Allie and her hopeful son; and young Malcolm, taking with him his only sister, spent his time in cruising about in a schooner he owned, and—it was said, among other rumors—in cheating the revenue.

Besides the lodge, or Macdonald's Castle, as it was sometimes called, the island contained but one other habitation, occupied by a widow, a distant connection of the Macdonalds, who, after the death of her husband, had come here to reside. The cottage was situated on the summit of a gentle elevation that commanded an extensive view of the island; for Mrs. Benington—or Mrs. Ben, as she was always called—liked a wide prospect at least, if nothing else could be obtained on the lonely island.

The most frugal, the most industrious of housewives was Mrs. Ben. No crime in her eyes equalled that of thriftlessness, and all sins could be pardoned but that of laziness. Unfortunately for her peace of mind she was afflicted with an orphan nephew, the laziest of mortals, whose shortcoming kept the bustling old lady in a fever from morning till night. A wild young sister of Mrs. Ben's had run away with a German fiddler, and dying a few years after, was soon followed to the grave by her husband, who drank more than was good for him one night, and was found dead in the morning. Master Fritz Freibourg was accordingly adopted by his only living relative, and, as that good lady declared, had been "the death of her" every day since.

A young girl of sixteen, known only as "Jessie," was the only other member of Mrs. Ben's family. Who this girl was, where she had come from, and what was her family name, was a mystery; and Mrs. Ben, when questioned on the subject, only shut her lips and shook her head mysteriously, and spoke never a word. Although she called the old lady aunt, it was generally believed that she was no relation; but as Jessie was a favorite with all who visited the island the mystery concerning her, though it piqued the curiosity of the curious, made them like her none the less. A big Newfoundland dog and a disagreeable, chattering parrot completed the widow's household.

Mrs. Ben's business was flourishing. She made a regular visit each week to the mainland, where she disposed of fish, which abounded about the shore of the island, and in return brought back groceries and such other things as she needed. Besides that, she kept a sort of tavern and place of refreshment for the sailors and fishermen, who sometimes stopped for a day or two on the island; and for many a mile, both by land and sea, was known the fame of Mrs. Ben.

Such was Macdonald's Isle, and such were its owners and occupants. For many years now it had been quiet and stagnant enough, until the development of sundry startling events that for long afterwards were remembered in the country around, and electrified for a time the whole community.

The sun was sinking in the far west as the little yacht Summer Breeze went dancing over the bright waves towards Macdonald's Isle. Captain Malcom Macdonald stood leaning negligently over the taffrail, solacing himself with a cigar, and conversing at intervals with a slight, somewhat haughty-looking young man, who stood beside him, watching the waves flashing as they sped along. No two could be more opposite, as far as looks went, than these two, yet both were handsome and about the same age.

Like all of his race, young Macdonald was very tall, and dark as a Spaniard. His short, black, curling hair shadowed a forehead high, bold, and commanding. Dark, keen, proud eyes flashed from beneath jetty eyebrows, and the firm, resolute mouth gave to his dark face a look almost fierce. His figure was exquisitely proportioned, and there was a certain bold frankness, mingled with a reckless devil-may-care expression in his fine face, that atoned for his swarthy complexion and stern brows.

His companion was a tall, elegant young man, with an air of proud superiority about him, as though he were "somebody," and knew it. His complexion was fair as any lady's, and would have been effeminate but for the dark, bold eyes, and his dashing air generally. There was something particularly winning in his handsome face, especially when he smiled, that lit up his whole countenance with new beauty. Yet, with all, there was a certain faithless expression about the finely-formed mouth that would have led a close observer to hesitate before trusting him too far. This, reader, was Mr. Herbert Clinton, a young English gentleman, and heir to one of the finest estates in the county of Derbyshire.

HERBERT TELLS HELENA THE NECROMANCER'S PREDICTION.

The last five years he had passed in Vienna, and when he was thinking of returning home he had encountered Captain Macdonald and his sister. Fond of luxury and ease as the young patrician was, he gave up all after that for the attraction he discovered on board the yacht Summer Breeze. And Captain Macdonald pleased with his new friend, invited him to accompany them for a short while to Trieste, where his yacht was, and then go home with him, and spend a few weeks with him in his ancestral castle, whither he was obliged to stop whilst some repairs were being made in his vessel—which invitation Hebert Clinton, nothing loth, accepted.

"Well, Macdonald, how is that patient of yours this evening?" inquired Clinton, after a pause.

"Don't know!" replied Captain Macdonald, carelessly. "I hav'n't seen him since morning. Helena is with him now."

"By the way, where did you pick him up? He is not one of your crew, I understand."

"No! I met him at Gibraltar. He came to me one day, and asked me to take him home. I replied that I had no accommodation, and would much rather not be troubled with passengers. However, he pleaded so hard for me to accommodate him, and looked so like something from the other world all the time, that I had not the heart to refuse the poor fellow. Before we had been three days out at sea he was taken ill, and has been raving and shrieking ever since, as you know."

"What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"Well, I hav'n't much experience as a nurse myself, but I think it's brain fever, or something of that kind; Helena, however, thinks that bitter remorse for something he has done, is preying on his mind, and girls always know best in these cases."

"He is, if I may judge by his looks, of humble station rather," said Mr. Clinton, in an indifferent tone.

"Yes; there can be no doubt of that, though he appears to have plenty of money."

"Has he given his name?"

"Yes; Arthur Stewart."

"Hum! well, it would be unpleasant to have him die on board, of course," said Clinton.

"Oh, I think he'll live to reach our destination; he does not appear to be sinking very fast."

"We must now be quite near this island-home of yours, Captain Macdonald; I grow impatient to see it."

"We shall reach it about moonrise to-night, if the wind holds out as it is now."

"And what, may I ask, do you intend doing with this—this Arthur Stewart, when you get there? Will you take him into your castle, and nurse him until he gets well?"

"No, I think not. There is an old lady on the island, who is never so happy as when she has some one to nurse. I think we'll consign him to her."

"Then there is another habitation on the island besides yours?" said Clinton, looking up with more interest than he had yet manifested.

"Yes, old Mrs. Ben, a distant connection of our family, I believe. And, by the way, Clinton, there is a pretty little girl in the case. I suppose that will interest you more than the old woman."

"Pretty girls are an old story by this time," said Clinton, with a yawn.

"Yes, with such a renowned lady-killer as you, no doubt."

"I never did see but one girl in the world worth the trouble of loving," said Clinton, looking thoughtfully into the water.

"Ah! what a paragon she must have been! May I ask what quarter of the globe has the honor of containing so peerless a beauty?"

"I never said she was a beauty, *mon ami*. But never mind that. When do you expect to be ready for sea again?"

"As soon as possible—in a few weeks, perhaps—for I fear that we'll all soon get tired of the loneliness of the place."

"You ought to be pretty well accustomed to its loneliness by this time."

"Not I, faith! It's now three years since I have been there!"

"Is it possible? I thought you Macdonalds were too much attached to your ancestral home to desert it so long as that."

"Well, it's a dreary place, and I have such an attachment for a wild, exciting life, that I positively could not endure it. I should die of stagnation. As for Helena, my wild, impulsive sister, she would now as soon think of entering a convent as passing her life there."

"Yet you said it was partly by her request you were going there now?"

"Yes, she expressed a wish to show you the place." A slight flush of pleasure colored the clear face of Clinton. "I don't know what's got into Helena lately," continued her brother. "I never saw a girl so changed. She used to be the craziest leap-over-the-moon madcap that ever existed! now she is growing as tame as—as little Jessie."

Clinton's fine eyes were fixed keenly on the frank, open face of Captain Macdonald; but nothing was to be read there more than his words contained. With a peculiar smile he turned away, and said, carelessly—

"And who is this little Jessie to whom you refer?"

"She's the *protégée* of the old lady on the island—fair as the dream of an opium-eater, enchanting as an houri, and with the voice of an angel!"

"Whew! the bold Captain Macdonald, the daring descendant of old Malcolm the Dauntless, has lost his heart at last," laughed Herbert Clinton.

"No. There is no danger of that, I fancy; unless, indeed," he added, fixing his eyes quizzically on Clinton's handsome face, "I should happen to meet this little enchantress you spoke of awhile ago."

A cloud passed over the brow of his companion, but it cleared away in a moment, as a quick, light footstep was heard approaching, and the next instant Helena Macdonald, the haughty daughter of a haughty race, stood, bright, dazzling, and smiling before them.

No one ever looked once in the face of Helena Macdonald without turning to gaze again. Peerlessly beautiful as she was, it was not her beauty that would startle you, but the look of wild power, of intense daring, of fierce passions, of unyielding energy, of a will powerful for love or hate, of a nature loving, passionate, fiery, impulsive, and daring, yet gentle, winning, and soft.

She might have been seventeen years of age—certainly not more. In stature she was tall, and with a form regally beautiful, splendidly developed, with a haughty grace peculiarly her own. Her face was perfectly oval, her complexion, naturally olive, had been tanned by sun and wind to a rich, clear, gypsy-ish darkness. Her hair, that hung in a profusion of long curls, was of jetty blackness, save where the sun fell on it, bringing out red rings of fire. Her large Syrian eyes, full of passion and power, were of the most intense blackness, now flashing with sparks of light, and anon swimming in liquid tenderness. Her high, bold brow might have become a crown—certainly it was regal in its pride and scorn. Her mouth, which was the only voluptuous feature in her face, was small, with full, ripe, red lips, rivaling in bloom the deep crimson of her dark cheeks.

Her dress was like herself—odd and picturesque, consisting of a short skirt of black silk, a bodice of crimson velvet, with gilt buttons. She held in one hand a black velvet hat, with a long, sweeping plume, swinging it gayly by the strings, as she came toward them. She was a strange, wild-looking creature altogether; yet what would first strike an observer was her queenly air of pride, her lofty *hauteur*, her almost unendurable arrogance. For her unbending pride, as well as her surprising beauty, the haughty little lady had obtained even in childhood the title of "The Island Queen." And queenly she looked, with her noble brow, her flashing, glorious eyes, her dainty, curving lips, her graceful, statuesque form—in every sense of the word, "a queen of noble nature's crowning."

And Herbert Clinton, passionate admirer of beauty as he was, what thought he of this dazzling creature? He leaned negligently against the taffrail, with his eyes fixed on her sparkling, sun-bright face, noting every look and gesture as one might gaze on some strange, beautiful maid, half in fear, half in love, but wholly in admiration. Yes, he loved her, or thought he did, and gazing with him on the moonlit waves, when the solemn stars shone serenely above him, he had told her so, and she had believed him. And she, wild, untutored child of nature, who can tell the deep devotion, the intense passion, the fiery, all-absorbing love for him that filled her impulsive young heart?

As she advanced, Herbert Clinton started up, saying gayly—

"Welcome back, Miss Helena. I thought the sunlight had deserted us altogether; but you have brought it back in your eyes."

"How's your patient, Helena?" said Captain Macdonald, who, not being in love, found Mr. Clinton's highflown compliments very tiresome sometimes.

"Much worse, I am afraid," she answered, in a peculiarly musical voice. "I do not think he will live to see the morrow's sun. His ravings are frightful to hear. Some terrible crime seems to be weighing him down as much as disease."

"After all, the human soul is an awful possession for a guilty man," said Captain Macdonald thoughtfully. "Things can be smoothed over during life, but when one comes to die—"

"They feel what retributive justice is, I suppose," said Clinton, in his customary careless tone. "And, *apropos* of that, somebody will suffer terrible remorse after I die. I am to be murdered, if there is any truth in fortune-telling."

He spoke lightly, with a half smile; but Helena's face paled involuntarily, as she exclaimed—

"Murdered; did you say? Who could have predicted anything so dreadful?"

"An astrologer, or enchanter, or wizard of some kind in Spain, when I was there. The affair seems so improbable, so utterly absurd, in short, that I never like to allude to it."

"But did he tell you who you were to be—"

Helena stopped short; even in jest she could not pronounce the word.

"Murdered by?" said Herbert, quietly finishing the sentence for her. "No, he told me nothing. I saw it all."

"Saw it! How? I do not understand."

"Oh, the story is hardly worth relating, and ought not to be told in the presence of such a sceptic as Captain Malcolm Macdonald," said Clinton, running his fingers lightly through his dark, glossy locks.

"Heaven forbid I should wait to be inflicted by it," said Captain Macdonald, starting up. "I will relieve you of my presence, and allow you to entertain my superstitious sister here with your awful destiny, of which she will doubtless believe every word."

"I should be sorry to believe anything so dreadful," said Helena, gravely; "but I do think there are some gifted ones to whom the future has been revealed. I wish I could meet them, and find out what it has in store for me."

"Let me be your prophet," said Clinton, softly. "Beautiful Helena, there can be nothing but bliss for an angel like you."

Her radiant face flushed with pride, love, and triumph at his words.

"Do you believe in omens?" she said, laughingly. "See how brightly and beautifully yonder moon is rising. Now, if it reaches the arch of heaven unclouded, I shall believe your prediction."

Even as she spoke, a dense cloud passed athwart the sky, and the moon was obscured in darkness.

The dark, bright face of Helena paled at the dread omen. Involuntarily her eyes sought Clinton's, who also had been gazing at the sky.

"Heaven avert the omen!" she cried, with a shudder. "Oh, Herbert, the unclouded moon grew dark even while I spoke."

"And now the cloud is past, and it sails on brighter than ever," he said, with a smile. "See, fairest Helena, all is calm and peaceful once more. My prediction will be verified, after all."

She drew a deep breath, and looked so intensely relieved that he laughed. Helena blushed vividly, as she said—

"I know you must think me weak and childish; but I am superstitious by nature. Dreams, inspirations, and presentiments that no one else thinks of are all vivid realities to me. But you promised to tell me the wizard's prediction concerning your future, so pray go on."

"Well, let me see," said Herbert Clinton, leaning his head on his hand. "It is now three years ago that a celebrated Mahometan fortune-teller visited the town in Spain where I resided. His fame soon spread far and wide, and crowds of the credulous came from every part to visit him. He could not speak a word of any language but his own; but he had an interpreter, who did all the talking necessary, which was very little.

"I was then at a celebrated university, and with two or three of my fellow-students, resolved one day to visit the wizard. Arrived at his house, we were shown into a large room, and called up one by one into the presence of the Mahometan.

"Our object in going was more for sport than anything else; but when we saw the first who was called—a wild, reckless young fellow, who feared nothing earthly—return pale and serious, our mirth was at an end. One by one the others were called, and all came back grave and thoughtful. By some chance, I was the last.

"I am not like you, bright Helena, naturally superstitious; but I confess, when the interpreter ushered me into the presence of this wizard, I felt a sort of chill awe creeping over me. He was the most singular-looking being I ever beheld. His face was exactly like that of one who has been for some days dead—a sort of dark-greenish white, with pale-blue lips, and sharp Asiatic features.

"The Mahometan stood before a smoking caldron, and drawn up to his full height, his size appeared almost colossal. His dress was a long black robe, all woven over with scorpions, and snakes, and other equally pleasing objects, that seemed starting out dazzlingly white from this dark background. Altogether, the room looked so like a charnel-house, and the wizard so like a supernatural being, that I am not ashamed to own I felt myself growing nervous as I looked around.

"The interpreter, who stood behind, opened the scene by asking me my name, age, birthplace, and divers other questions of a like nature, which he wrote down in some sort of hieroglyphics, and handed to the Mahometan. Then bidding me advance and keep my eyes fixed on the caldron, and not speak a word, the interpreter left the room.

"My heart beat faster than was its wont as I approached this strange being, and found myself completely alone with him in this ghostly, weird place. He took a handful of what I imagined to be incense of some kind, and threw it on the red, living coals, muttering some strange sounds in an unknown tongue as he did so.

"Presently a cloud of smoke arose, dense, black, and suffocating, filling the whole room with the gloom of Tartarus. Slowly, as if endowed with instinct, it lifted itself up and spread out before me. And looking up, I beheld—"

Herbert Clinton paused, as if irresolute whether to reveal the rest or not; but Helena grasped his arm, and in a voice that was fairly hoarse with intense excitement, said—

"Go on."

"I saw," he continued, looking beyond her, as if describing something then passing before him, "the interior of a church thronged with people. Flowers were strewn along the aisles, and I seemed to hear faintly the grand cadences of a triumphal hymn. A clergyman, book in hand, stood before a bridal pair, performing the marriage ceremony. The features of the man of God are indelibly impressed on my memory, but the two who stood before him had their backs towards me. For about five seconds they remained thus stationary, then it began to grow more and more indistinct: the forms grew shadowy and undefined, and began to disappear.

"Just before they vanished altogether, the faces of the wedded pair turned for an instant towards me; and in the bridegroom, Helena, I beheld myself. The vapor lifted and lifted, until all was gone, and nothing was to be seen but the black walls of the room, and the glowing, fiery coals in the caldron.

"Again the Mahometan threw the incense on the fire, and again mumbled his unintelligible jargon. Again the thick black smoke arose, filling the room; and again became stationary, forming a shadowy panorama before me. This time I saw a prison cell—dark, dismal, and noisome. A rough straw-pallet stood on one side; and on the other a pitcher of water and a loaf—orthodox prison fare from time immemorial. On the ground, chained as it were to the wall, grovelled a woman, in shining bridal robes, her long midnight tresses trailing on the foul floor.

"No words can describe to you the utter despair and mortal anguish depicted in her crouching attitude. I stood spell-bound to the spot, unable to move, in breathless interest. Then the scene began to fade away; the prostrate figure lifted its head, and I beheld the face of her whom, a moment before, seemed to stand beside me at the altar. But no words of mine can describe to you the mortal woe, the unutterable despair in that haggard but beautiful face. Helena! Helena! it will haunt me to my dying day. I put out my hand as if to retain her; but at that instant all disappeared."

Once more Herbert Clinton paused. This time he was deadly pale, and his eyes were wild and excited. Helena stood near him, her great black, mystic eyes dilated, every

trace of color fading from her face, leaving even her lips as pale as death.

"The third time this strange enchanter went through the same ceremony as before," continued he; "and, as in the previous cases, a new scene appeared before me. Now, the time appeared to be night, and the place a dark, lonesome wood. A furious storm of lightning, and thunder, and rain was raging, and the trees creaked and bent in the fierce wind. On the ground lay the dead body of a man weltering in blood. A dark crimson stream flowed from a great, frightful gash in his head, from which the life seemed just to have gone. As the white face of the murdered man was upturned to the light—cut, and disfigured as it was, Helena—I recognized myself once more. As heaven hears me, I saw it as plainly as I see yonder pale, fair moon now. A white, ghostly form, whether of woman or spirit I know not, seemed hovering near, darting, as it were, in and out amid the trees. Even as I gazed it grew thin and shadowy, until all was gone again.

"For the fourth and last time, the Mahometan threw the strange incense on the fire, and 'spoke the words of power,' and a new vision met my horrified gaze. I seemed to behold an immense concourse of people, a vast mob swaying to and fro in the wildest excitement. A low, hoarse growl, as of distant thunder, passed at intervals through the vast crowd, and every eye was raised to an object above them. I looked up, too, and beheld a sight that seemed freezing the very blood in my veins. It was a scaffold; and standing on it, with the ignominious halter round her white, beautiful neck, was she who had stood beside me at the altar, whom I had seen chained in her prison-cell, doomed to die by the hand of the public hangman now. Her beautiful hands were stretched out wildly, imploringly, to the crowd below, who only hooted her in her agony and despair.

"The executioner led her to the fatal drop, a great shout arose from the crowd, then all faded away; and looking up, as if from an appalling dream, I saw the interpreter beckoning me from the door. How I reeled from the room, with throbbing brow and feverish pulse, I know not. Everything seemed swimming around me; and, in a state of the wildest excitement, I was hurried home by my companions. The next day the Mohametan left the city, and where he went after I never heard. Such was the glimpse of the future I beheld. It was many months after before I completely recovered from the shock I received. How to account for it, I do not know. Certain I am that I beheld it, truly, as I have told it in every particular—for the impression it made upon me at the time was so powerful that everything connected with it is indelibly engraven on my memory. It may seem strange, absurd, impossible; but that I have nothing to do with—I only know I saw it, incredible as it seems. But good heavens, Helena, dearest, you are ill—fainting!"

Pale, trembling, and excited, the once fearless Helena Macdonald clung to his arm, white with vague, sickening horror. Superstitious to an unusual degree, an awful presentiment had clutched her heart, and for a moment she seemed dying in his arms.

"Helena! Helena! my dearest love!" he said, in alarm, "what is it?"

"Nothing—nothing," she answered, in a tremulous voice; "but, oh, Herbert, do you believe the prediction?"

"Strange, wild girl that you are, has this idle tale frightened you?" he said, smiling at her wild, dilated eyes.

"If it should prove true," she said, covering her face with a shudder. "Herbert, tell me—do you believe it?"

"My dark-eyed darling, how can I tell whether to believe it or not? It has not come true, and there seems no likelihood of its ever doing so. Do not think of it any more: if I had thought it would have unnerved you so, I would never have told you."

She put up her arm in a vague, wild sort of way, as if to ward off some approaching danger.

"Oh, Herbert! this is dreadful—dreadful! What if all he predicted should come to pass?"

"Well, I should be obliged to do the best I could. What will be, will be you know. But I have no such fear. Nonsense, Helena, a Macdonald of the Isle trembling thus at imaginary danger! The ghost of Malcom the Dauntless will start from his grave if he discovers it!"

The color came proudly back to her cheek at his bantering words, as she said, more coldly and calmly:

"For myself, I could never tremble; but for—"

She paused, and her beautiful lip quivered.

"For me, then, dear love, those fears are," he said, tenderly. "A thousand thanks for this proof of your love; but, believe me, the cause is only imaginary. Why, Helena, I had nearly forgotten all about the matter, until you brother's remark to-night recalled it to my memory. Promise me, now, you will never think of it more, much less speak of it."

"Tell me one thing more, Herbert, and I promise—only one," said Helena, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking up in his face earnestly, while her voice trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"Well?" he said, anxiously.

"Did you recognize the face of the person whom you saw beside you at the altar, and who afterwards died on the scaffold?"

He was silent, and looked with a troubled eye out over the shining waters.

"Herbert—dearest Herbert—tell me, have you ever yet seen her?"

"Why will you question me thus, dearest Helena?"

"Answer me, truly, Herbert, on your honor."

"Well, then, dearest, I have."

Helena drew her breath quick and short, and held his arm with a convulsive grasp.

"Who is she?" she asked.

Herbert turned, and looking steadily in her wild, searching eyes, replied, in a thrilling whisper—

"You, Helena—you."

CHAPTER II.

Her wretched brain gave way,
And she became a wreck at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.
—*Moore.*

The yacht Summer Breeze lay at anchor in a little rock-bound inlet, on the northern side of the island previously referred to. A boat had just put off from her containing Captain Malcolm Macdonald, Mr. Herbert Clinton, Helena Macdonald, and the sick passenger, Arthur Stewart. He lay on a sort of mattress, half supported by Captain Macdonald, and in the pale, cold moonlight, looked wan and emaciated to a fearful degree. The features, sharply defined, were like those of a skeleton, and in their ghastly rigidity seemed like that of a corpse; but life, intensely burning life, shone in the wild, troubled eyes. Herbert Clinton and Helena sat talking together in low tones at the other end of the boat, fearful of disturbing the dying man.

As the boat touched the shore, Clinton leapt out, and held out his hand to Helena; but the wild sea-nymph, declining the needless aid, sprang lightly out, and stood beside him.

The figure of a woman, who had been standing on a rock watching their approach, now came forward, exclaiming, delightedly, in a broad Scotch accent, which we have translated for the benefit of our readers,

"Eh! but it's Miss Helena! Who ever thocht we'd see you here again? Where have ye been to this long time?"

The Macdonalds responded heartily to her greetings, and in turn inquired after Fritz and Jessie. When all these preliminaries had been gone through, Malcolm turned to his kinswoman, and said, thoughtfully—

"Oh! by the way, my dear Mrs. Ben, I have a patient for you to take care of, if you have no objection. He can't last much longer, poor fellow, and you are a better nurse than Helena. What do you say, Mrs. Ben—shall I have him sent up to your house?"

Mrs. Ben was a brown-faced, bright-eyed, keen-looking, wide-awake, gossiping little woman of four feet six high, with a tongue that could and did say sharp things sometimes; but with a heart so warm and large that it is a wonder how it ever found room in so small a body. However, I have been told, as a general thing, little people are by far cleverer and warm-hearted than their tall neighbors, as if Nature was anxious to atone for their shortened nature by giving them a double allowance of heart and brains.

Nursing was Mrs. Ben's peculiar element. Nothing delighted her more than to get possession of a patient whom she could doctor back to health. Of late there had been a "plentiful scarcity" even of these escapevalves, so her eyes twinkled now with their delight at the prospect of this godsend.

"Send him up? Certainly you will, Master Malcolm. I'll take care of him. This'll be the best road, up to the side of the rocks; 'tain't so rough as it is here."

"Lift him up," said Captain Macdonald to the sailors who had rowed them ashore. "Gently, boys," he said, as the sick man groaned. "Don't hurt him. Follow Mrs. Ben to her cottage—that's the way. I'll be down early to-morrow to see him, Mrs. Ben. This way, Clinton; follow me. I'll bid you good night, Mrs. Ben. Remember me to Jessie."

And Captain Macdonald sprang up the rocks, followed by Helena and Clinton, in the direction of Macdonald's Castle.

Mrs. Ben, with a rapidity which the two sturdy seamen found it difficult to follow, burdened as they were, walked toward her cottage.

The home of Mrs. Ben was a low, one-story cottage, consisting of one large room and bed-room, with a loft above, where all sorts of lumber and garden implements were thrown, and where Master Fritz sought his repose. A garden in front, with a well-gravelled path, led up to the front door, and into the apartment which served as kitchen, parlor, dining-room, and sleeping-room for Jessie and Mrs. Ben. The furniture was of the plainest description, and scanty at that, for Mrs. Ben was poor, in spite of all her industry; but, as might be expected from so thrifty a housewife, everything was like waxwork. The small, latticed panes in the windows flashed like jewels in the moonlight; and the floors and chairs were scrubbed as white as human hands could make them. Behind the house was a large vegetable garden, nominally cultivated by Fritz, but really by Mrs. Ben, who preferred doing the work herself to watching her lazy nephew.

As the men entered with their burden, Mrs. Ben threw open the bed-room door, and the sick man was deposited on the bed. Lights were brought by Fritz—a round-faced, yellow-haired, sleepy-looking youth of fifteen, with dull, unmeaning blue eyes, and a slow, indolent gait; the very opposite in every way of his brisk, bustling little aunt.

"Be off with you to bed," said Mrs. Ben. "It's the best place for any one so lazy as you are. Clear out, now, for I'm going to sit up with this sick man, puir body, and want quiet!"

With evident willingness, Fritz shuffled off, leaving Mrs. Ben alone with her patient.

The little woman approached the bed, and looked at his pinched, sallow features with an experienced eye. It was evident to her he could not survive the night.

"I wonder if he knows his end's so near at hand," said Mrs Ben to herself. "He ought to know, anyhow. I'll tell him when he awakes; 'cause it's no use for me trying to do anything with him."

The man was not asleep. As she spoke, he opened his large, wild looking black eyes, and gazed around vacantly.

"Mister," began Mrs. Ben, "I don't know your name; but it's no matter. Do you know how long you have to live?"

"How long?" said the man, looking at her with a gaze so wild that, had Mrs. Ben been the least bit nervous, would have terrified her beyond measure.

"Not three hours," said Mrs. Ben, gravely.

A sort of wild horror overspread the face of the dying man.

"So soon! O heaven—so soon!" he murmured, "and with all unconfessed still. I cannot die with this crime on my soul! I must reveal the miserable secret that has eaten away my very life!"

Mrs. Ben listened to this unexpected outburst in wonder and amazement.

"Listen!" said the man, turning to Mrs. Ben, and speaking rapidly in his excitement. "One night, about thirteen years ago, as I was returning home from my day's labor, I was overtaken by a violent storm. I was a considerable distance from home, and there was no house near where I could remain for the night. It was intensely dark, and I staggered blindly along in the drenching rain, until, by a sudden flash of lightning, I chanced to espy the ruins of an old house, that had long been deserted. Thankful even for this refuge from the storm, I entered it, and, retreating into a corner, sat on an empty box, waiting for the tempest to abate.

"Suddenly I heard the sound of voices in an adjoining room, talking in low whispers. There were at the time certain suspicious characters prowling about, and the unexpected sound startled me. Still, I felt they might be only weather-bound wayfarers, like myself; but, before joining them, I thought it might be prudent to discover who they were; and I cautiously drew near the wall to listen.

"The partition dividing us was thin, and in the lull of the storm I could catch here and there a few words of their conversation.

"'I tell you he killed him himself!' said one. 'I saw him. He stabbed him to the heart with his knife.'

"'What does he intend doing with—'

"Here a sudden rush of wind and rain prevented me from hearing what followed.

"'And serves the jade right, too,' were the next words I heard. 'She might have known what it was to raise the anger of that devil incarnate.'

"'Where are we to find this fellow he wants?' said the second voice.

"'At Glenleith, on the coast; half a mile from here. His name's Arthur Stewart. I know him.'

"I started in alarm, as well I might, for the name was mine,

"'How do you know he'll agree?'

"'If he doesn't,' said the first, with an oath that made my blood run chill, 'a little cold steel will settle the business. But the terms are easier than that; he's to be well paid for holding his tongue: and, as he's a poor devil, he'll do anything for money. Oh, he'll agree; there's no trouble about that.'

"The increasing noise of the storm now drowned their voices altogether. I stood for a moment rooted to the ground with terror. That some terrible crime had been, or was to be perpetrated, in which by some means I was to be implicated, I plainly saw; and my only idea now was to escape. I started forward; but as my unlucky fate would have it, I stumbled in the darkness, and fell heavily to the ground, with a violence that shook the old house.

"I heard, as I lay half-stunned, an ejaculation of alarm from the inner room, and quick footsteps approaching where I lay. All was now up with me, so I scrambled to my feet just as two men, wearing black crape masks over their faces, entered. Each carried pistols, and one held a dark lantern, the light of which he flashed in my face.

"'Who are you, sir?' fiercely exclaimed one; and I saw him draw a knife from his bosom, that made my blood curdle.

"I essayed to answer, but my teeth chattered so with terror that I could not utter a word.

"'Ha!' exclaimed the other, who all this time had been holding the lantern close to my face. 'This is the very fellow we were in search of. Your name is Arthur Stewart?'

"'Yes,' I managed to say, quaking with mortal fear.

"'You are a mason by trade, and live in Glenleith?' said, or rather affirmed, my fierce questioner.

"I replied in the affirmative, for I saw there was no use in attempting a lie.

"'All right, Ben! You go for the carriage; I will take care of our friend here until you return.'

"The one with the knife left the house, and the other, drawing a pistol, the disagreeable click of which made me jump, sat down before me, keeping his eyes immovably riveted on my face. I did not dare to move. I scarcely dared to breathe, as I stood with my eyes fixed as if fascinated on the deadly weapon. Nearly ten minutes passed thus in profound silence, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and the instant after the man called Ben entered. After a whispered conference between the pair, I was blindfolded, and assisted into a carriage. One of the men got in after me and closed the door; the other mounted the box, and off we drove.

"I am quite sure they took a long, round-about way, and went here and there, in various directions, and came back to the same place again, to make believe the distance was much longer than it really was. For nearly an hour we drove thus, and then the coach stopped, and I was helped out. I knew I was on the shore, for I could hear the waves rolling inward, and foaming and breaking over the rocks. Then they assisted me into a boat, which was pushed off and rowed rapidly away.

"I am sure we were fully two hours tossing on the surf, when the boat struck the shore so suddenly that I was thrown forward on my face in the bottom. With a loud laugh of derision the men helped me up, and assisted me to land, and then conducted me up a long, slippery beach until we reached a hard road. We walked rapidly on for nearly a quarter of an hour, and then I heard a key turn in a rusty lock, and I was led into a house. Taking first the precaution of locking the door after him, my guide led me through a long hall, up a longer winding staircase, and through another hall, and up two other flights of stairs. It seemed to me he would never stop, when, at last, I heard him open a door, thrust me in, and retreat again, locking the door after him.

"My first care was to tear off the bandage and look around; but the room was so intensely black I could see nothing. The darkness could be almost felt, as I thrust out my hand and essayed to walk. I had not advanced a dozen steps when my foot slipped on some wet, slimy substance, and I fell, and struck violently against something lying on the floor. Trembling with horror, I put out my hand—and, merciful heaven! I shudder even now to think of it—it fell on the cold, clammy face of a corpse."

"Great heaven!" ejaculated the horror-struck Mrs. Ben, as the dying man paused, every feature convulsed at the recollection.

"I think I fainted," he went on, after a pause, "for when I next recollected anything, I was supported by my masked conductor, who was sprinkling, or, rather, dashing handfuls of water in my face, and there was a light burning in the room. I looked around. There on the floor lay the dead body of a man, weltering in blood, which flowed from a great, frightful gash in his side.

"The sight nearly drove me mad, for I sprang, with a wild cry, to my feet. But my conductor laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, in a tone so fierce and stern that I quailed before him—

"'Hark ye, sirrah, have done with this cowardly foolery, or, by heaven, you shall share the fate of him you see before you. No matter what you see to-night, speak not, nor ask any questions, under peril of instant death. If you perform your duty faithfully, this shall be your reward!' As he spoke, he displayed a purse filled up with bright yellow guineas.

"Before I could reply, a shriek that seemed to come from below resounded through the room—a shriek so full of wild horror, and anguish, and despair, that even my companion gave a violent start, and stood as if listening intently. As for me, my very life-blood seemed curdling as the wild, piercing cries of agony came nearer and nearer. A heavy footstep ascended the stairs, and I could hear the sound of somebody dragging up. Closer and closer came those appalling screams, and a man entered, masked likewise, dragging after him the convulsed form of a young girl.

"To this day I have never seen a more beautiful creature, notwithstanding her face was perfectly distorted with fear and horror. As she entered, her eyes fell on the form of the dead man on the floor. With supernatural strength she broke from the man who held her, and bent for an instant over the lifeless body.

"It sufficed to tell her he was quite dead; and then, throwing up her white arms, she fled round the room, shrieking as I never heard any living being shriek before. Great heaven! those awful cries are ringing in my ears yet.

"The man who had led her in sprang forward and caught her by both wrists. She struggled like one mad, but even the unnatural strength of frenzy failed to free her from his iron grasp. I could see her delicate wrists grow black in the cruel grasp with which he held her.

"The man beside me said something to him in a foreign tongue—French, I think—to which the other nodded, without speaking. My guide then went and unlocked a door at the farther end of the apartment, from which he drew forth a great heap of bricks and mortar, and all the implements necessary for building a wall.

"A light began to dawn upon me. The body of this murdered man was to be walled up here.

"My suspicion was correct. Making a sign for me to assist him, the man raised the head, and not daring to refuse, I took the body by the feet, and we carried it into the inner room, which proved to be a small dark closet, without a window, and with immensely thick walls. Even in all my terror for my own safety, I could not repress a feeling of pity for this murdered youth—for he was only a boy—and the handsomest I ever saw.

"All this time the woman's wild shrieks were resounding through the room, growing louder and louder each moment, as she still struggled to free herself from his hold. All in vain. He forced her into the inner room, but before he could close the door, she had burst out, and clasping his knees, screamed for mercy. He spurned her from him with a kick of his heavy boot, and then she sprang up and spat at him like one possessed of an evil spirit. Flying to the farthest corner of the room, she raised her right hand to heaven, crying in a voice that might have made the stoutest heart quail—

"'I curse you—I curse you! Living, may heaven's wrath follow my curse—dead, may it haul you to eternal perdition! On your children and on your children's children may—'

"With a fierce oath he sprang upon her ere she could finish the awful words that pealed through the room like the last trump, and seizing her by the throat, hurled her headlong into the dark inner room where the murdered man lay. Then, closing the massive oaken door and locking it, he turned to me, and speaking for the first time, commanded me, in a voice fairly convulsed with passion, to wall up the door.

"I would have prayed for mercy, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. The man beside me saw my indecision, and catching me by the arm, said, in a stern whisper—

"'Fool, do you want to share their fate? Do as you are told.'

"I shrank from the crime, but life was dear to me, and I obeyed. As men work only for their lives, I worked with those two mysterious masks looking on. It was completed at last, where the door had been was a wall of solid masonry, which her death cries could never penetrate.

"'It is well,' said he who appeared to me the superior. 'Give him the reward I told you of.'

"The other silently handed me the purse.

"And now swear never to reveal what you have this night seen till your dying day.'

"'I swear,' said I, for I dared not refuse.

"'That will do. Take him away,' said the speaker, leaving the room.

"My guide blindfolded me as I had been before, and led me out, locking the door on the awful secret.

"As I had been brought up, I was led to the beach. The boat was in waiting, and I was taken away, landed, and conveyed into the carriage, which for upwards of half an hour drove round some circuitous route. Then I was assisted out and left standing alone. I tore the bandage from my eyes and looked around; but the carriage was gone, and I never heard or discovered aught more of the events of that night.

"From that day my peace of mind was gone. Years passed, but it haunted me night and day, till I became a morose and dreaded man. Then I travelled from land to land, but nothing could ever banish from my ears that woman's dying shrieks and despairing eyes.

"In Gibraltar I fell ill. I felt I must die, and wanted to come and be buried in my native land. Captain Macdonald brought me here. And now that I have told you all, I can die in peace. In peace!—never—never until that woman's face is gone. O heaven!" he cried, raising himself up with a shriek, and pointing to the window, "she is there!"

With a scream almost as wild as his own, Mrs. Ben started up and looked. A pale, woful face shrouded in wild black hair, was glued for a moment to the glass, and then was gone. Paralyzed with terror, Mrs. Ben turned to the sick man. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were protruding from their sockets, and he was dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[At the request of one of our readers we republish the following well-known song.]

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years and it may be for ever,
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty thou star of my night.
Mavourneen! Mavourneen! my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part,
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

THE OPAL EAR-RING.

A Detective's Tale.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY C. S. T.

Twenty years ago I was quite a young member of the profession to which I belong—a profession which is more characterized by romantic incidents and startling events than any other, and it was more on account of this fact than anything else that I joined it. My father, though not very wealthy, was a physician in comfortable circumstances, and, like most fathers, desired me to follow his own profession. I, however, had a passion for a life of adventure, and the charms of such a life were only heightened by the possibility of danger; so at twenty I became a member of the Secret Police.

About the time I have mentioned above, all New York was in a fever of excitement over a shocking and mysterious murder recently committed. Henry Delavan, a young man of high connections and irreproachable character, the son and partner of a wealthy merchant, was found dead on the pavement of one of the principal streets. An examination showed but one wound, a deep, fatal stab, penetrating the heart. Near him was found a large pocket knife with two blades, a cork screw and screw driver. On the little piece of white metal in the centre of the handle the initials J. B. were scratched as with a pin or needle. But what seemed unaccountable at the time, clasped tightly in the deceased's right hand was found a small gold ear-ring with a costly opal pendent therefrom. There was one peculiarity about the ear-ring; engraved on the gold was a small anchor surrounded by delicate ornamental carving. Neither the knife nor the piece of jewelry could be identified, and every effort of the police force to obtain some clue to this daring murder was utterly fruitless, and by degrees the search began to be abandoned. I obtained possession of the knife and ear-ring, and always carried them on my person—perhaps with the faint hope that I might be able to identify them accidentally.

About six months after the murder of young Delavan, when the affair was entirely forgotten by all except those interested in the deceased, I was called to Chicago on professional business. I was leisurely strolling down one of the more retired streets of the city, when, as I passed a small jewelry store, I saw in the show window a piece of jewelry that immediately struck me as being familiar. I paused for a closer examination, and was astonished to recognize the mate to the ear-ring that had been found clenched in the hand of young Delavan. The fact that this ear-ring was the exact counterpart of the one I even then had in my possession would not have been remarkable had there been a *pair* of them exhibited for sale in the shop window, but there was only one, and my suspicions were immediately aroused.

I entered the store, and after cautious manœuvring was only able to ascertain from the old Jew, that the jewel had been brought to him to sell by an old man, who said that his mistress had lost the mate to it, and wished to dispose of it. I purchased the ear-ring, and throwing down a gold-piece in addition to the price demanded, I told the old Jew that if he would find out for me the names of the owner and of the person who brought it to him, I would reward him liberally.

The old man's eyes glistened as he replied,

"Call here to-morrow evening at three o'clock, sir, and I will have your information."

The next evening at three, I called at the jeweler's in —— street. He told me that on the previous evening he had sent for the old man at an address which he had previously given him. After he had paid him the money which he had obtained for the jewel, he detained him in conversation over a glass of brandy until it was quite late, and when the old man left, he shut up his shop and followed him at a distance into the fashionable portion of the city until the old man entered a handsome, aristocratic residence on M—— street. The jeweler waited a few moments, and then boldly rang the door-bell. A servant-girl answered the summons.

"Pardon me," said the jeweller, "I fear I have made a mistake. Will you be so kind as to inform me who lives here?"

"This is the residence of the late M. D'Alembert. His daughter, Mamoiselle Marie lives here now."

"I perceive my mistake; but I was satisfied that I recognized an acquaintance in the old man who just entered here. May I inquire his name?"

"His name is James Baker; he is my mistress's coachman."

"It is not the same; pardon my intrusion. Good-day."

And the jeweller having obtained the required information, returned to his shop to communicate the same to me. I gave him another piece of gold, and returned to my hotel. Once in my room, I carefully considered all the circumstances of the case, and became convinced that I had found a clue to the mysterious murder of Henry Delavan. It was but reasonable to suppose that the young lady whom I strongly suspected of being the murderess, should endeavor to get rid of the peculiar ear-ring in order to divert suspicion from herself to the innocent purchaser in whose possession it might be found. The fact of the concealment of the names of the parties from the jeweler was suspicious, and the coincidence of the initials on the knife with the name of the coachman, was rather singular. Taking all things into consideration, I determined to act promptly. Attiring myself elegantly, and concealing a revolver about my person, I proceeded to the mansion on M—— street. I rang the bell and inquired for Miss Marie D'Alembert.

"What name shall I give?" said the girl, eyeing me rather suspiciously.

I handed her a card bearing the name of a prominent young lawyer in Chicago.

I was ushered into the parlor and in a moment a young lady entered, apparently about twenty years of age. She was strikingly beautiful, with great, restless eyes—black as midnight. On seeing me she started with surprise, and retreated towards the door. Before she could utter a word I adroitly stepped between her and the door, and, fixing my eyes upon hers, said:

"Madame, my name is Johnson; I am a member of the detective police of New York." Her cheek paled, and she seemed agitated. "Do you know this trinket?" I continued, displaying the glittering opal ear-ring.

On seeing it she uttered a piercing scream and dropped senseless to the floor. The old coachman heard her cries and rushed into the room. He stopped when he saw me, and demanded my business. I told him I was a detective, and drawing the old knife from my vest pocket, I said sternly:

"James Baker, this is your knife, and with it young Henry Delavan was murdered in New York."

He uttered a low curse, and, his eyes blazing with fury, he drew a long bowie-knife and rushed towards me. I was prepared.

"Not so fast," said I, and the six eyes of my revolver looked into his face. "Another step towards me and you are a dead man. Drop that knife."

He hesitated a moment, and then, seeing that I was in earnest, he dropped the knife and said, "I did not do it."

I walked to the window, still covering him with my revolver, and sprang my watchman's rattle. It was answered by the entrance of two policemen. I ordered them to secure the man and then turned my attention to the young lady who was just recovering from her swoon. She was burning with fever and her eyes had an unmistakable look of delirium. The intense excitement had caused an attack of brain fever.

From the coachman's confession and other circumstances, the following facts leaked out: Some time previous to the tragedy Henry Delavan had made a somewhat lengthy visit to Chicago, where he frequently met Miss D'Alembert. Being a man of elegant personal appearance and agreeable manners, the impulsive young lady became desperately enamored of him, but as he was engaged to an estimable young lady in New York, the passion was not reciprocated. She discovered the fact of his engagement, and with an inconsistency characteristic of her French blood, hated him more intensely than she had ever loved him. She determined to revenge herself, and endeavored to bribe the old coachman to murder him. He would not agree to this, but in view of a reward he promised to help her. They took the evening train for New York, and she knowing which way he would pass in going home from the house of his betrothed, they hid in an alley running across one of the principal streets. Baker had the knife open in his hand, but when about midnight they heard his steps, and she recognized him in the dim moonlight, the old man dropped the knife and recoiled. She seized it, and as he advanced rushed upon him and struck the fatal blow. The death-stricken man did not even utter a groan, but clutched wildly at the air, and his fingers closed upon one of her ear-rings, and in his fall tore it from her ear. They fled precipitately, and took the next train for Chicago.

The young lady is still living, a raving maniac in the insane asylum, and the ancient coachman is serving his life term in the State Prison.

THE TIME TO ADVERTISE.

The dull season, as it is called, is the best time for remunerative advertising. When people have most leisure, they read most. At the watering places and numerous summer resorts, where tourists are congregated, the merchant who takes advantage of his opportunity will not fail to send his circular; or, if he depends upon newspapers mainly, he will not pass by the quiet dullness of summer without keeping his business constantly before the people who have deserted the town for more congenial life in the open country.

It pays to advertise judiciously—it pays to advertise if the truth is told. It don't pay to *stop* advertising. All you have spent is wasted, if by your neglect to keep the public acquainted with the advantages you can offer, they discover the usual enterprise wanting at any time for any reason in the management of your business.

"What's the matter with A, B, C & Co., they don't advertise any more. Guess they are played out," said a friend of ours, not long since. Well, sure enough, when we had our attention called to the fact, it did appear so to us, and it was not long before we read among the items of the day, "We regret to announce the temporary suspension of the well-known firm of A, B, C & Co. Liabilities and assets not yet ascertained," etc. "By a throat latch" wins the race. Keep a little a-head; don't *get tired*, for it is just here the applause is against you, and once the popular current sets in adversely, you may "throw up the sponge," for you are no longer counted among the probable winners of the race! Intelligent, persistent effort; truthful advertising in season and out of season, fair dealing, small profits, one price strictly adhered to, and the terms C. O. D. to all, will surely result in success to a retail establishment.—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ It was stated in the obituary of a Western man that he "was forty-three times in love."

☞ Sheet and pillow masquerades appear to be getting quite popular at the summer resorts.

☞ Great beads of perspiration stood out on the forehead of a Madison bridegroom during the ceremony.

☞ Mrs. Harper, who was lately pardoned out of the Connecticut State Prison, refuses to leave it.

☞ Benevolent Topeka ladies are in the daily habit of giving each of the county prisoners a bouquet.

☞ Two Indiana youths fought a duel with swords for the favor of a beautiful blonde. Now she says she can never marry a man with only one ear, nor one minus a nose.

☞ The following notice is posted conspicously in a newspaper office out West: "Shut the door; and as soon as you have done talking business, serve your mouth the same way."

☞ The youngest bride of the season at Niagara, is a young lady of Stonington, Connecticut, aged fourteen.

☞ A Western editor pictures a reporter, in a proposed new style of school reader, thusly: "Here is the face of a reporter. See how joyful he looks. He has just heard that a man has cut his own throat, and he is going for the item. Should you like to be a reporter, and get licked on dark nights, and see dead persons, and climb up four pairs of stairs?"

☞ The proportion of marriageable young ladies to young men on the island of Nantucket is reported to be over ten to one.

☞ A rich, but economical lady, recently ordered "half an ice cream" at a confectioner's in Biddeford, Maine, and after finishing it paid her eight cents. Then as she was passing out of the door, she seized a large lump of spruce gum, saying, "I overpaid you half a cent; this will make us about even."

☞ A Michigan dog recently followed a railroad train thirteen miles, and overtook it at last. His master was on the train.

☞ An Indian, it is said, will "sunburn" as much or even more than a white man, taking on very noticeable additions to his color in four or five days.

☞ Lotty Hough will never lecture any more in public. She has made a permanent engagement. His name is Gregory. Lotty lectured last winter on "Popping the Question," telling how it ought to be done. Gregory did it. This illustrates the influence of the lyceum, and woman's mission in it.

☞ "Dear me! how heartily tired I am of this mourning!" said a fashionable lady to her maid. "Jane, who is it I am in mourning for?"

☞ A mild-mannered Dubuque woman entered a saloon, kicked over a table, drew out a revolver on the bar-tender, and led her husband out by the ear.

☞ "Henrietta," said a landlady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Henrietta, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

☞ An Iowa gentleman who was involved in domestic troubles, met with a genuine "Job's comforter" the other morning. Meeting an old friend who was a widower, he related his troubles to him, and told him he expected to be broken up, as his wife had commenced a suit against him for the sum of three thousand dollars. "Well," said the widower, "I will wait to see how she comes out, and if she succeeds, I'll go for her."

☞ A Missouri journalist having asserted that a Louisville scribe had just discovered that he could wag his left ear, the latter retorts that the Missouri man has his aural appendages under such control as to be able to fan himself with them.

☞ Filipo Casabianca, a noted bandit, and six of his gang, were executed at Naples on the 5th of July. Casabianca, on his trial, confessed a number of bold robberies and murders, besides the kidnapping of a nobleman's child.

☞ A lady correspondent of the Washington Capital says that a Boston lady, who recently got herself up most gorgeously for a dinner at one of the great watering-place hotels, had the misfortune to sneeze just as she sat down, when suddenly the half of the waist of her dress ripped out, and somebody had to put a shawl around her. Her dress was an excellent fit upon a well-proportioned form, and, having been made upon a single-thread sewing machine, the sneeze broke the thread.

☞ The truth is unconsciously told in the following line from an advertisement:—"Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more."

☞ An eccentric young man of this town a few years ago became impressed with the belief that he had but a short time to live, so he went to a marble yard and selected a pair of nice tombstones and paid for them. He didn't die as soon as he expected, and a short time ago he had shanks put in these tombstones, and now utilizes them as sleeve buttons. He says they are not as large as the prevailing style, but he will make them do.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ The other day a little boy who had cut his finger ran to his mother, and cried: "Tie it up, ma; tie it up quick, for the juice is all running out!" The same urchin, on one of the late excessively hot days, appealed to his mother for help, saying: "Ma, do fix me, for I'm leaking all over."

☞ The oldest foreign missions society in this country is that of the Society of United Brethren for Propagating the Gospel, organized at Bethlehem, Pa., 1781.

☞ There is another bit of evidence in support of the Darwinian theory. A monkey in the Paris Zoological Garden, is developing into a tolerable tenor singer. We are told that "he has a chest voice which many brilliant tenors of the opera might envy, and his falsetto is not disagreeable." We always suspected that tenor singers formed an intermediate link in the chain of development.

☞ The man with his lung-tester who accompanies Barnum, and makes an honest penny by testing the wind of the multitude, came to grief at Terre Haute on Tuesday of last week. A healthy farmer's boy, with a chest on him like an emigrant's valise, drew in a mouthful of the atmosphere, wrapped a quarter-section of his lips over the nozzle and breathed. An explosion followed, first of the machine and then the bystanders, and the "professor" was heard to say, as he gathered up the fragments of tinkling brass and springs, "He has been eating onions; that's what made his breath so strong."—*St. Louis Globe.*

☞ A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

☞ A contemporary speaking of a mammoth egg, asks: "What hen can beat that?" We give it up—we never heard of a hen ghostin an egg at all.

☞ "A Life Saved by a Leg."—Under the above title many of our contemporaries are publishing an account of how a man saved his life in a mine by hanging by one leg. This is a singular occurrence. Instances of life saved by two legs actively employed are not so rare, as the records of many a battle-field prove.

☞ A Connecticut amateur farmer swings the scythe with one hand and bears aloft his trusty umbrella with the other. The doctors are said to sit upon the fence and watch him with unselfish interest.

LOVE'S REASONS.

Why do I love my darling so?
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know,
I have such store of reasons:
'Twould take me all a summer day—
Nay, saying half that I could say,
Would fill the circling seasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown,
My dove, who quietly hath flown
To me as to her haven?
Because her hair is soft, and laid
Madonna-wise in simple braid,
And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,
Not chill, nor fiery overmuch,
But softly warm as roses,
Dear lips that chasten while they move,
Lips that a man may dare to love,
Till earthly love-time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,
Of touch so tender and so light,
That where her slender finger
Doth fall or move, the man to whom
The guards at Eden whispered, "Come!"
Beneath its spell might linger?

Because her heart is woman-soft,
So true, so tender, that I oft
Do marvel that a treasure,
So rich so rare, to me should fall,
Whose sole desert—so small, so small,
Is—loving past all measure?

Because she has such store of moods,
So archly smiles, so stately broods,
So lovingly caresses;
So that my heart may never tire
Of monotone, or more desire
Than she my love, possesses?

Ah me! what know or what care I?
Or what hath love to do with "why?"
How simple is the reason!
I love her—for she is my love,
And shall while stars shall shine above,
And season follow season.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"Hallo, youngster! Can you tell me who lives in the old farm-house yonder?"

The urchin thus accosted paused for a moment in his evening swing on the garden gate, and replied rather contemptuously, "Why that's Deacon Jones's house. Thought everybody knew where the deacon lived."

"Isn't any one at home?" persisted the questioner. "The place looks deserted."

"Oh, yes, they're home fast enough," answered the boy, resuming his swinging. "That's the way it always looks since the deacon's been took so bad," and he commenced whistling vigorously as if to intimate that the interview was at an end.

"Took so bad!" muttered the stranger as he turned in the direction of the old farm-house, and strode rapidly along. "What can be the matter with Job, I wonder."

"Don't suppose he will remember me, nor Martha neither," he soliloquized. "Ten years beating about the world makes a great change in a man's looks; but somehow, through it all, I've looked forward to this coming back to the old house, and finding all just as when I went away, and now, here's Job sick or something; and everything going to rack and ruin! Well, well! never mind, all the better, Hezekiah Jones, that you've come home to put your shoulder to the wheel."

These words brought him to the farm-house door, and he gently lifted the latch and entered. The kitchen was just across the little entry in which he found himself, and he stood silently surveying the scene within. It was a warm June evening, but a bright fire was in the old-fashioned open fireplace, and in a large easy chair drawn as close as possible to the blaze was a figure enveloped in blankets.

Moving noiselessly about was a faded, patient-looking woman, apparently busied in preparing something for the invalid's supper, as she presently placed it on a tray, and carried it to him.

"Now try and eat a little, Job," she said kindly.

"I fear it is of no use, Martha," replied Deacon Jones in a very feeble voice, as he languidly raised his hand to take the tray. "I cannot hold it," he groaned. "I grow weaker every day. Well," he added with much resignation, "the Lord's will be done. You will be better off when I am buried, and out of the way."

"Oh, don't talk so, Job," was the cheerful reply. "Let me feed you, and you will feel better to-morrow. You know you did not sleep as well as usual last night."

Another groan was all the answer, for the listener could bear it no longer, and strode hastily into the kitchen.

Martha turned quickly to see who was the intruder. For one instant she gazed, and then sprang forward with a glad cry of, "Why, Hezekiah, can it be you? We thought you were dead!"

"Hezekiah!" exclaimed the invalid, starting from his chair, and speaking in a full clear voice, very unlike that in which he had answered his wife but a moment before.

Most cordial and heartfelt was the welcome bestowed on the long absent brother, and many were the questions as to where he had been, and why he had not written.

In all of these the deacon bore his full share; but when his brother having hastily answered, asked, in his turn,

"But what is the matter with you, Job? I went away leaving you as strong and healthy as myself, and now come back to find you wrapped up in blankets, and lying back in an easy-chair as if you had never done a stroke of work in your life."

The voice was very feeble once more, as he answered,

"Ah, Hezekiah, I am a great sufferer, and grow weaker and weaker every day. It is hard to be thus cut off in my prime, but I strive to be resigned, and bear my cross patiently."

"But what made you so feeble?" questioned his brother.

"Martha will tell you about it," murmured the sufferer, closing his eyes and lying back as if exhausted; "I can talk but a few moments at a time."

Hezekiah turned inquiringly to his sister-in-law, who shook her head slightly as in token of silence, and answered cheerfully,

"I'll tell you all by-and-by, Hezekiah, but first let me get you some supper, as you must be hungry after the long ride you say you have had to-day;" and she commenced some preparations for the evening meal.

The deacon lay still with closed eyes and folded hands, and Hezekiah watched him in silence. Somehow he did not look very ill; his face was full, and had a good healthy color, though somewhat fairer than one would expect to see for a farmer. His brother felt mystified, but Martha announcing that supper was ready, he dismissed his thoughts, and did full justice to the tempting dishes which she placed before him.

"Can't you sit up to the table and eat a bit, Job," he inquired.

"Oh, no, no," groaned the invalid, "it is many a long month since I have been able to do that."

"Well, surely you will eat something. What shall I hand you? Come, let me pull your chair up by the table, there's a good fellow;" and suiting the action to the word, he sprang up, and seizing the easy-chair, drew it to the table before his brother had time to remonstrate.

"Oh, Hezekiah! How could you! Oh, my poor nerves, how they are shaken," moaned the deacon, who sat looking very much like a skeleton at the feast. Vainly his brother tried to persuade him to eat.

His wife timidly added her entreaties, and at last asked,

"Shall I feed you, Job?"

"Yes," was the feeble answer. "I must try to take a mouthful of something, though I have not the slightest appetite."

Perhaps he had not, but he nevertheless contrived to dispose of a very respectable amount of food, to the intense disgust of his brother, who began to see through the trouble.

Soon after supper, Deacon Jones said,

"I must go to bed, Martha. I am too feeble to sit up longer. Be sure that the cow is properly milked and fed, and the barn fastened up for the night."

"Who comes in to do your chores?" asked Hezekiah.

"Oh, no one. Martha attends to them," said the deacon.

"The more is the shame," exclaimed the new-comer. "Here, Martha, give me the pail, and I'll see whether I have forgotten how to milk."

"In a minute, Hezekiah," answered Mrs. Jones, "as soon as I've helped Job into the bed-room," and she began to draw the chair in which her husband sat, toward the door.

"Here, let me do that," cried her brother, and he sprang hastily to her assistance. One push of his stout arm sent it forward with such rapidity that the invalid gasped—

"Oh, be careful—have some mercy on my poor nerves. I know I am a great trial, and it will be better for all, when I'm buried, and out of the way."

Hezekiah looked as if he fully agreed with him, but restraining his disposition to say so, he rendered all the aid in his power, and then returned to the kitchen, where he was soon joined by his sister-in-law.

"Now, here is the pail," she said, "and I'll go out to the barn and show you about a little."

As soon as they were well out of doors, Hezekiah exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, Martha, tell me what has happened to Job?"

"That's what I came out with you for," she replied, "for I knew if we talked in the house he would never go to sleep."

"About two years ago," she continued, "Job took an awful cold—got chilled somehow after working hard, and had a kind of fever after it. Nothing alarming, the doctor said, and in two or three weeks he called him as well as usual; but somehow he seemed to have lost all ambition. You know he had always been a steady, hard-working man, and I thought as this was his first pull down, why likely he would take longer to feel like himself again. So I kind of petted him up, and didn't urge him to go out to work. At first he would walk out as far as the barn, or into the garden; but then he left that off, and would sit in the house all the time. Still he walked around, and looked and acted like other people; but, little by little he has done less and less till now, as you see, he can neither dress nor feed himself. I don't know what will become of us," added the poor weary woman, bursting into tears, "the whole place is going to ruin, and what money he had in the bank is all gone."

"Never you mind, Martha," said her companion, cheerily. "I haven't worked all these years in California and Australia for nothing, and while Captain Hezekiah, as they call me, lives, you nor Job shan't want. We'll fix up the old place, and perhaps we can fix up Job, too. Anyhow we'll try; so now run in and wash the dishes, and be ready to sit down and rest yourself when I come in;" and poor Mrs. Jones returned to the house with a far lighter heart than she had left it.

Several weeks passed away. Captain Hezekiah had not been idle. Men were at work on the farm—carpenters engaged to make the necessary repairs on house and barn; Mrs. Jones looked much less worn since she had been relieved from the carrying of wood and water, milking, &c., &c. But the master of the house seemed unchanged. In vain did his brother try to coax him out into the sunshine, or interest him in the various proposed improvements in the house. There was but one response, "Just as you think best, Hezekiah, it will soon be yours and Martha's to do as you please; and I feel that it will be better for all when I am buried and out of the way."

Captain Jones was at his wit's ends. Something must be done. He did not believe in a strong man's sitting there as helpless as a baby. First of all he would see the doctor, who had attended the deacon through his illness, and still called occasionally.

The doctor was an old acquaintance, and cordially welcomed the captain.

"Matter with him?" he exclaimed, in answer to Hezekiah's inquiries. "The matter with your brother? Nothing in the world! He is as well a man as you are this day; and if I knew how to rouse him up, you would find it so. I pity his wife, and you, too, if you are going to live there. If some sudden shock would come to him, he would be all right. I've often thought," continued the worthy man, warming with his subject, "that I wished I could burn the house over his head, or some such thing, but I didn't know how to set about it."

"You are sure it wouldn't kill him, doctor?" asked the captain, anxiously.

"Oh no, indeed!" laughed the doctor, "there is not the slightest danger. But what are you plotting now?" he asked, seeing the captain apparently studying out some thought.

"Well, I hardly know, doctor. I'll see you again, when I get my ideas straightened out," answered the captain, hurrying away.

On his way home he called on several of his old cronies, whose acquaintance he had renewed; and apparently some plan was on foot, for, to each as they parted, he said, mysteriously, "You be sure to be there! Remember,—when I whistle."

"Now to get rid of Martha," he muttered; but as he approached the house, and saw a chaise standing in the yard, his face brightened. "Just the thing," he exclaimed softly. "I'll send her home with Betsey."

In the kitchen sat a bright, comfortable-looking woman, whom he warmly greeted as Cousin Betsey.

"I'm real glad to see you, Hezekiah," she said, "and I want you to help me persuade Martha to go home with me. Now you're here to take care of Job, she can as well as not; and it will do her a sight of good."

"That's just what I was thinking of when I saw your chaise," replied the captain, with a slight twinge of remorse as he remembered some other things he had been thinking of.

"It took a heap of coaxing," as Cousin Betsey said, to get Martha's consent to the plan. Job was calmly and reproachfully resigned, but at length, after repeated charges to the captain to be very careful of her husband, poor Martha was prevailed upon, and carried off in triumph.

"Now the coast's clear," chuckled the captain, as he watched the chaise out of sight, "and I'll see what can be done before she comes back to-morrow."

No nurse could be kinder and more attentive than the captain all that afternoon. Indeed, so much solicitude did he display, that the deacon thought more than once, "Ah, it's easy seeing that Hezekiah realizes now how feeble I really am. When he first came home he didn't seem to think there was much the matter with me, but now he sees the difference."

Be that as it may, Hezekiah got his brother's supper, and carefully assisted him to bed.

"Now, I'll go out and milk, and fasten up for the night, Job," he said. "You don't want anything before I go, do you?"

"No, thank you," was the feeble response, and the captain sallied forth milk-pail in hand.

The chores were soon done; and as Hezekiah fastened the barn door, he took a long look all around him.

It was a lovely summer evening, clear and still. Not a sound disturbed the deep silence.

"Now's my time!" thought the captain. "Somehow I feel kind of shaky. I wonder if the doctor knows as much as he thinks he does. Suppose, after all, I should do some mischief;" and he stood for some moments irresolutely balancing the pail in his hand. "Well, I can't help it," he said at last; "as he says himself, he'd be better buried and out of the way than living so;" and raising his head as if determined, he gave a long, shrill whistle.

But a few moments elapsed when four strange figures stood before him, muffled in loose black robes, their faces concealed by masks of the same hue. It was only by their voices that the captain recognized them.

"All here, boys? That's right. Is everything ready?"

"All ready," responded one of the figures. "Shall we go at once?"

"Yes, take him out by the back door, and down through the meadow; and be as careful as you can, won't you?" added the captain, anxiously.

"Never fear, we'll take care of him;" and off they started.

In the little bed-room Deacon Job was just dropping asleep, when heavy steps in the outer room startled him.

"Who can Hezekiah have brought in with him?" he murmured. "How thoughtless in him to disturb me so."

Just then the bed-room door opened, but instead of disclosing his brother coming to see if he wanted anything, four darkly robed figures entered, and ranged themselves by his bedside.

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked the deacon, and his voice was not quite so feeble as usual.

"*We have come to bury you*," answered the foremost in hollow tones.

"To bury me!" shrieked Job. "But I'm not dead yet."

"No, but as you often say, it would be better if you were buried and out of the way," was the reply; and at a sign from him, Job was seized, bound and gagged, (for he struggled violently), and in less time than it takes to tell it, was being rapidly conveyed out of the house and down through the meadow.

Arrived at a secluded spot under some trees, the deacon to his horror saw an open grave waiting to receive him.

"Lay him in," ordered the same one who had spoken before, and Job was lowered into the grave.

"Now, if you will solemnly promise not to shout for help, we will remove the gag, that you may speak if you wish to leave any last message for your wife before we fill in the grave."

Job managed to make a sign that he complied with the condition, and the gag was removed.

The first use he made of his tongue was to beg for mercy. "Oh, do not bury me alive, pray do not," he pleaded. "What have I done that you should treat me so?"

"Done! Done nothing! That's the matter! A strong man like you play sick, and let your wife do the work, and your farm go to ruin! No, no, deacon! You are a disgrace to the neighborhood, and we are going to put you out of it."

"But who are you?" he gasped, almost utterly hopeless of mercy.

"It matters not who we are. Enough for you that we are determined you shall no longer be a burden on all around you. PREPARE TO DIE!"

"Oh, mercy! mercy! for Heaven's sake show me mercy," cried the miserable man. "Will nothing induce you to alter your determination?"

"But one thing," answered the leader.

"And that! What is it? I promise—promise *anything!*"

"Promise that to-morrow morning you will go to work like the strong, able-bodied man you are; that you will henceforth do all that you did before your illness, when you were a good husband and neighbor; have no more fancied ailments, but entirely reform. Promise this solemnly, and we will let you go."

"I promise," groaned the poor wretch.

"Untie him, men," ordered the leader.

"Remember," he added, "that we shall know, if in the slightest degree you break your promise; and then, there will be no further reprieve. This grave will remain open, and on the first relapse, you shall be buried in it. Now go!" and as the last cord fell from him, Deacon Jones started at a rapid pace for his home.

The captain stood calmly straining the milk into a large pan, when the door burst open, and his brother staggered in, clothed only in his night shirt, and a blanket wrapped about him.

"For goodness sake, Job, what's the matter? Where have you been? I left you safe in bed. What made you get up? and how could you get up alone, so weak as you are?" were some of the numerous questions asked by the captain, while helping his brother, who was now really weak, back to his bed.

"Oh, they carried me off to bury me, Hezekiah, and they put me into the grave! Oh, fasten the door, or they will come back."

"They. Who are *they?*" inquired the captain, obeying the request.

The deacon, with many ejaculations of horror, told the story, to which the captain listened with much sympathy.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Job?" he asked, at the conclusion.

The deacon lay silent for a few moments; then starting up, grasped his brother's hand.

"I'm going to work like a man," he exclaimed, "for to tell the truth, Hezekiah, I believe I have been a fool for two years."

"I believe so too," was the encouraging reply.

Early the next day, Mrs. Jones returned.

"Where is Job, Hezekiah?" she called, excitedly, as she entered the kitchen and found his chair empty. "Is he worse?" and she rushed into the bed-room.

"No, I think he's better. Come with me, and I'll show you where he is;" and taking her hand, her brother led her to the window and pointed out to the field, where Mrs. Jones could just discern the figure of a man busily engaged in mowing.

"That Job! Why, Hezekiah," exclaimed Mrs. Jones in great amazement, "I never thought to see him at work again. What does it all mean?"

"It means that he has come to his senses," answered her brother; "but here comes the doctor."

"Hallo, Mr. Jones!" called the doctor from his chaise. "Glad to see you out. Feel better, don't you?"

"Guess I do, doctor," was the hearty response. "I feel like a man, and," he added solemnly, "with God's help I mean to be one."

The doctor was driving past, when his eyes suddenly encountered Hezekiah, now standing by the door.

"Hezekiah," he called, "you were always in some mischief ever since I can remember;" and with a significant nod he passed on.

For months the open grave remained,—a silent reminder to the deacon of that terrible night.

Occasionally when he felt tempted to sink back into his former state, he would walk there, and looking into it, recall the scene.

It was at first very hard for him to resume his active habits, but it gradually became easier; and when he was once more the hard-working, energetic man of old, on visiting the grave one evening, he found to his surprise that no trace of it remained. It had been filled in and sodded over,—which act he accepted as an acknowledgment that he had at length atoned for his fault.

LUCY'S BURGLAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"You won't be afraid to stay alone, will you?" asked Farmer Sherrill, as he climbed into the old red buggy, after helping his wife in. "'Cause, ef you *are* afraid, I might stop and hev John Mason an' his sister come over an' stay with ye. I ruther think *John'd* like sich an arrangement! Hey, Lucy!" with a sly chuckle at her rosy face.

"Afraid! *of course* not!" declared Lucy, stoutly. "What's there to be afraid of, any way?"

"Sure enough," said her father, taking up the reins. "I guess you'll get along one night alone. Mind an' shet up the cows in the paster. Mother an' me'll be home arly in the mornin' if nothin' happens."

And then he drove off, and Lucy was left alone. She went back to the kitchen where the milk-pans were waiting to be washed and put out in the sun to dry, and was busy for two or three hours with the usual household labor incident to a large and thrifty farm.

Lucy had never stayed alone all night, but she felt no fear. Burglars and thieves were almost unknown in Hollytown.

Just as Lucy turned up the last bright milk-pan in the sun to dry, she heard a click of the gate and looked up to see an old man with a sort of peddler's pack on his back coming toward the house.

"Good-mornin'," spoke up the man, catching sight of Lucy's pretty face. "Can I sell you anything this mornin', miss?"

"No, I don't want to buy anything," answered Lucy, who had a wholesome distrust of peddlers and being cheated, and kept on with her work.

"But jest let me show you what I've got," said the peddler, preparing to undo his pack. "I've got some ribbins that 'll jest become you, an'—"

"You needn't take the trouble to open your goods," said Lucy. "I shan't buy."

"But it won't cost you anything to *look* at 'em, you know," persisted the man.

"But I don't *want* to look at them," said Lucy, stubbornly. "I've got a good deal of work to do, and I can't spend time in looking at your things, when I haven't any intention of buying. Father and mother have gone to town with butter and cheese, and won't be back till to-morrow, and the work is left on my hands to do, so you see I've got to keep busy."

"But you don't stay here all alone while they're gone, do you?" asked the man, glancing furtively about him as he spoke.

"Yes; I ain't afraid," answered Lucy, but hardly had the words left her mouth than she regretted having been so confidential to this straggling stranger. He might be a thief for all she knew to the contrary, and knowing that she would be alone he might attempt to steal whatever his inclination prompted him to. It would be an easy matter for him to hang round the neighborhood till night.

"Well, if I can't sell you anything, I s'pose I might as well jog along," said the man, shouldering his pack. Lucy watched him until he was out of sight over the hill, and then went back to her work, wishing she had not told him about her intention of staying alone.

"But then, he's probably a poor, honest old fellow who wouldn't steal if he could," she said, by way of consoling herself a little, and was soon singing over her work.

By and by there was another click of the gate-latch, and looking out, Lucy saw John Mason coming up the path. Her face grew rosy when she saw him, but she tried to look very cool and indifferent when she said good morning.

"I saw your father this morning," said John, sitting down in the doorway, and fanning himself with his wide-brimmed straw hat. "He told me he was not coming back until to-morrow, and that you were going to stay alone. I didn't know but may be you'd like to have Kitty and me come over and stay with you."

"Oh no!" protested Lucy. "I couldn't think of your putting yourself to so much trouble."

"Trouble! of course you know better than that, Lucy!" exclaimed John.

"But I'm not the least bit afraid," responded Lucy, courageously. "I never *did* stay alone, and I want to see how it will seem."

"But what if some thief should break in and try to steal something? What would you do in that case?" asked John.

"I'd shoot him," answered Lucy, with spirit. "Father's old musket could do first-rate execution yet, I guess," with a glance at the weapon hanging over the front window.

"You wouldn't dare to," said John, smiling at her show of bravery.

"I *wouldn't*, I'd like to know *why* I wouldn't?" exclaimed Lucy indignantly. "Just give me a chance to prove it, and I'd show you that I am not so much of a coward as *some* women are. Let anybody come skulking about to-night, and I'll let them know that I've got *some* spunk, if I *am* a woman."

Lucy's eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed with determination.

"You haven't any idea how pretty you look," said John admiringly. "I wish you'd say yes to that question I asked you the other day. Seems to me it takes you a long time to get your mind made up."

"I know you'd get around to that," said Lucy, with a toss of her brown head. "I *haven't* made up my mind yet, but I have come pretty near it."

"And you are going to say yes, *ain't* you?" pleaded John.

"No, I don't think I shall," answered Lucy soberly. "I've about come to the conclusion that I don't want to get married at all."

"And live and die an old maid!" said John, laughing at the idea; "you don't mean any such thing, Lucy."

"But I do, though," said Lucy; "you see if I don't."

"I shan't allow any such thing," said John. "I'm going to have you housekeeping for me in less than a year. What do you think of that?"

"It takes two to make a bargain, I always supposed," said Lucy, with heightened color.

"I know it does," answered John, "and I am going to have your consent to it inside of six months."

"You talk just as if I was going to do just as you say about it!" cried Lucy, stung by his easy, careless, bantering tone. "I won't marry you, so there!"

With which feminine conclusion of her rejection of his suit, Lucy fell to dusting up the kitchen furniture vigorously.

John did not stay long after that. Lucy didn't seem inclined to say much, and so he took his departure, and left her alone again.

"As if I was going to do as *he* said, whether I want to or not!" exclaimed Lucy, with a toss of her head, and a scornful curl of her lip, when he was gone. "I shan't marry him till I get ready, that's certain, and I ain't obliged to tell him that I will till I see fit to, as I know of."

The forenoon passed quite rapidly, but the afternoon dragged fearfully, because there was not so much to do. Toward night Lucy milked and shut the cows up in the pasture that they might be there for milking in in the morning. Then she strained the milk and put it away in the dairy, and washed up the milk-pails.

By the time that was done it was dark. She secured the blinds on the windows, fastening them from the inside. Then she locked all the doors in the house, and after that operation was performed, she lighted a lamp and sat down and tried to read, but couldn't get interested in her story. Somehow she couldn't help feeling nervous, and fidgetty, and very lonesome. The silence was oppressive. The clock ticked away droningly in the corner. She began to think of all the stories she had ever read of thieves and housebreakers and burglars, and by-and-by she caught herself fidgetting over the peddler who had stopped that morning. He knew she was alone. It's likely as not he would try to take advantage of the unguarded state of the house, and secure whatever booty came in his way. Lucy shuddered at the bare idea, and then glanced at the old musket, feeling all the while half ashamed of herself for her nervous timidity.

The clock struck nine and ten. She could not sleep she knew if she went to bed, so she sat there, wakeful, anxious and vigilant.

By-and-by she heard something that sounded like the tread of a person in front of the house. She got up and tip-toed to the window, and peered out through an opening in the blinds.

Good heavens! could she believe her eyes? There was surely a man standing under the old elm, half hidden in its shadow. She grew cold and faint, and leaned against the wall for a minute or two before she dared look again. When she did muster up courage to take another peep through the blind she saw that he was there still.

"He is waiting for me to go to bed," she thought. "He can see the light of my lamp through the blinds. What shall I do?"

Instantly a thought of the old musket flashed across her mind. She climbed into a chair and took it down from its hooks, feeling greatly in awe of so terrible a weapon.

"I've a good mind to fire it off and scare the wretch," thought Lucy. "If he knows I've got a gun to defend myself and the house with, he'll clear out may-be. I'll try it!"

She lifted the window far enough to insert the muzzle of the gun under it, and blazed away. There was a roar like that of artillery, and the discharge of the gun was followed by a groan from the shadow where Lucy's burglar had been.

"Oh! oh!" cried Lucy, dropping the old musket, and turning pale as death. "I'm afraid I've killed him; and I didn't mean to hit him at all—only frighten him. What shall I do?"

She wrung her hands in terror. Another groan came from the direction of the elm.

"I can't stand this!" she cried. "I'm going to see what I've done. Dear me!"

She unlocked the door with trembling fingers, and hurried, as fast as her shaking limbs would allow, to the place where she had seen the man standing.

"Are you dead?" she asked, in a voice that sounded faint and far-off, to herself. "I didn't mean to shoot you—I—"

"Lucy," said a voice from the foot of the elm—a very familiar voice—"did you take me for a burglar, and get frightened?"

"For Heaven's sake?" cried Lucy, recognizing John Mason's voice. "Is that you, John? I thought it was some one come to break into the house, and I wanted to scare you, and fired the old musket—and oh dear! dear! I've like enough killed you!" and Lucy broke down in a tempest of tears, and sank down on the ground, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"You hit me in the foot, I guess," said John, soothingly. "It stings a little, and bleeds a good deal—but it isn't anything dangerous. Just help me into the house, and we'll see to it."

Lucy managed to get up, and assist John to his feet, and leaning on her arm, he hobbled into the house. When his boot was removed, the wound was found to have been made by the ball passing in at the top of his foot near the middle of it, and out at one side below the ankle.

"I thought I would come over and take a look around the premises, and see that all was right, since you wouldn't consent to let any one stay with you," explained John, after Lucy had dressed the wound carefully. "I didn't suppose you'd take me for a thief, and shoot, me, Lucy," he added, laughing at her pale face, and tear-swollen eyes.

"I won't stay alone again," she said, trying to choke down a sob. "What if I'd killed you, John!"

"Would you have cared very much!" he asked, tenderly.

"You know I would," she said, wiping her eyes.

"Then take pity on me, and say yes to that question of mine, to pay for shooting me," pleaded John.

And I think Lucy *did* take pity on the poor fellow, for they were married not long after that.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

THE REIGNING BELLE.—A new society novel. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—July 1872. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES.—Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the progress of medicine and the collateral sciences. Edited by WILLIAM DOMETT STONE, M. D., F. R. C. S. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

OLD AND NEW for August. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A SUPERSTITION.

Even superstition has its use, as is shown by the following anecdote: At the period when there existed the greatest scarcity of dwelling-house accommodations at Berlin, Germany, a tenant of the first story of a house in the Frederich quarter, visited his neighbor in the apartment above him. He communicated to him the pleasant intelligence that his landlord had just raised him his rent several hundred thalers, and that he was now going the round of the other lodgers to do the same to them. To his surprise his listener of the second story took the matter quite coolly. "Let him come," said the latter, "he won't raise my rent, never fear! I know his weak point." Scarcely were these words uttered ere mine host was announced, who entered with a flaming face as if about to confer a favor. The three conversed on the usual topics of the day when suddenly the second-floor tenant changed the conversation thus: "Only think what strange things happen to me; it makes me quite vexed!" "What has happened?" asked the other, whose curiosity was aroused. "Well, do you know, I've twice changed my apartments because the rent was raised, and did so every time with the fervent wish that the devil might fly away with my landlord. Scarcely had I entered my last lodgings when I heard that my former host had died of an apoplectic fit. I had just been a year in these rooms. I hear to-day that my wish is on the point of being accomplished with regard to my late landlord. It's a piece of nonsense, of course, just a mere coincidence, you know, but still it's a terrible thing." Mine host's face grew longer as the story proceeded, and on its conclusion sought for a pretext to speak about some "repairs," and then took his leave, with a caution to his lodger to get over the bad habit of uttering curses. His wife, for in many things women are shrewder than men, laughed at him for his pains, but he had quite made up his mind that never again would he raise any lodger's rent. So much for superstition!

☞ Mr. Baker, of Hiawatha, Kansas, an impartial patriot, has named his twins Grant and Greeley.

An Essential of Loveliness.

To be entirely beautiful the hair should be abundant and lustrous. This is absolutely essential to complete loveliness. The most regular features, the most brilliant complexion and peerliest teeth fall of their due effect if the hair be thin, dry, or harsh. On the contrary the plainest face, if it be but surmounted by luxuriant and silken tresses, is apt to impress the beholder with a sense of actual beauty. That crowning ornament of her sex is, happily, within the reach of lovely woman, and being as discriminating as she is lovely, she long ago discovered that LYON'S KATHAIRON was the sure means of securing it. No preparation for the Hair ever enjoyed a tithe of its popularity, and no wonder, since it produces such gratifying results. Applied to the waste and barren places of the scalp, it fructifies and enriches them with a new and ample growth. It is not, of course, pretended that it will do this if the capacity for reproduction is extinct, but so long as it remains, that wonderful rehabilitant will assuredly propagate the germ of the hair into life and activity.

☞ An Omaha paper says there is no use in making "such a fuss about the shooting of a constable, as there are forty candidates for the office."

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

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By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

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No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 5 Cents.

THORNS IN THE FLESH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Doubtless, Mr. Editor, *you* have never realized the meaning of my heading. *Your* blissful days are spent in poring delightedly over the effusions of genius. *Of course* no poetry, save that which wells up, pure and sparkling from the fount of inspiration; no prose, save that which is faultless in style, logical in reasoning, and fascinating in plot and character, ever greets your highly-favored editorial eyes.

But everybody can't be an editor.

There must be ordinary mortals in the world.

And the tender flesh of these same ordinary mortals must oftentimes be lacerated by extremely sharp thorns. For instance, I glance across the road from my pleasant cottage home, and my eyes rest upon a charming residence; that of my friend Mrs. K——, a tender, warm-hearted little woman, abounding in that charity which is "the bond of perfectness," and sensible in all things, save that she married a widower with six children. It is a very happy home, however. The tender care which that little woman bestows upon her six boys, and the whole-hearted love they give her in return, would do much toward taking away the odium which *sometimes* attaches itself to the name of "step-mother." Thus far all is peace.

Now for the thorns.

Never, Mr. Editor, was there a kinder, better man than Mr. K.; but never, *never* was there a man with such an endless array of relations, near and distant—aunts, uncles and cousins up to as high a degree as the arithmetical alphabet is capable of enumerating. And every summer delegations of this innumerable host "swoop down" upon my unfortunate little friend in the most dreadfully sociable manner, without notice or invitation. I from my window behold them on their "winding way," and say to myself, "*Thorns!* veritable thorns in the flesh!" What were poor dear St. Paul's sufferings compared to those of a housewife already burdened by her own family cares, who is suddenly confronted by an army of *distant* relations? They are received with angelic sweetness of manner. Who could guess the despairing heart of my friend? The master of the house kindly remarks to his wife, "Mary, my dear, you must have more help in the kitchen."

More help!

O, man! thou may'st lead armies, and rule nations, but when thou dost attempt to peer into the mysteries of the domestic economy, thou dost prove thyself to be the very soul and essence of stupidity!

"Mary, my dear," gives him a look of sweet despair, and (O marvel among women) is *silent*.

Doesn't that man know that neither love nor money can procure efficient help in a secluded country place?

Doesn't he know full well the character of Bridget, the domestic queen, whose combative appearance fills all beholders with terror?

Of course he knows, but he *don't think*.

For his benefit I quote the well-known lines:

"Evil is wrought by want of *thought*,
As well as want of *heart*."

I repeat it, there never was a better man than Mr. K——. An angel from the distant spheres couldn't make men understand that housekeeping is not the most calm and joyous way ever devised of spending one's days.

And now, Mr. Editor, in view of the worn-out nerves of the friend whom I so highly value, and of thousands of other weary souls, and also in view of the fact that from the North, South, East and West come the despairing cries of fainting housewives for *help! efficient* help, I hold this *indiscriminate* summer visiting to be an intolerable imposition. I am not *quite* a heathen. I do not include in my category of indiscriminate visitors one's dear familiar relatives and friends, for whom one would gladly sacrifice ease and comfort; but the numberless very extremely distant relatives whom you fondly wish (in secret) were far more distant still.

These are thorns, sharp thorns, in the tender flesh of many a wearied and over-burdened housewife. F. A. E.

THE BABY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I went to see it last night. You know how it looked, they are all as alike as two peas.

Its bachelor uncle says it is a bunch of clothes with a red face. He denies that man had his origin from such a puling weakling, and prefers to accept the Darwinian theory, instead.

Its brother, little four-year-old Robbie, has his finger on his nose a good share of the time to test the state of that member. He is rather curious about the creature, peering into its face and examining several times per day its diminutive hands and feet.

"We don't like him," asserts Robbie with a sniff of contempt. And yet he scares the flies from its crib, and goes around on tip-toe when it sleeps.

Robbie acts a little proud. He feels a sort of possession in the wee bairnie. "Jimmy Lane ain't dot any baby," he communicates as soon as I enter.

"Robbie, you are fond of that baby."

"No, aint, coss ittle fing."

"I will take it over to Jimmy Lane."

"I'll fo it out doors firs."

"Very well. I'll throw it out doors when I start for home."

Both arms are around it to take it off my lap. "Oo let my baby 'lone."

The little waif has, as yet, no enemies. Robbie loves it. The bachelor uncle is only envious of baby's father. He is in the same unenviable condition with regard to him, that Jimmy Lane is to Robbie.

It fills the hearts of its parents with a strange delight. It comes to them a gift from the Divine—a mysterious, helpless innocent. So tender that its life hangs on a thread, and wholly dependent on their care for its mortal existence. Impotent as it is, they almost stand in awe of it, for it is yet to become a man, and perhaps to be a power for good or evil in the world.

MARIE S. LADD.

IN JUNE.

Brown in the bloe of the river lies
A shadowy, lazy trout;
Who could trouble himself to rise,
And get his tackle out?
Let me do nothing but live for a day,
Live and listen and look;
Let there be truce between prayer and pray,
Between the fish and the hook.
I will look on the midstream strong and even,
And the eddy's brawling rush;
I will rise with the lark to the gates of Heaven,
I will love with the thrush.
I will learn the song that the river sings,
In varying time and tone,
Of this day, the sweetest of all sweet things—in June.

Low I lie on a soft green bed,
Drinking the lazy air;
Green is the canopy high o'er my head,
The larch's fringe hangs fair.
In scented darkness over my eyes,
Bee-haunted brambles trail;
I know, I feel the blue of the skies,
I need not sever their veil.
Wild roses tangle the water above,
Below my nook of rest;
If they win not the river, with all their love,
They may die on his breast.
And the river, unwilting, wends his way,
With pink and white spoils strewn:
The love-born spoils of a wild-rose day—in June.

Quiver, O larch! till in evening's haze
Your tassels rise and fall.
Murmur, O bee! in the bramble sprays,
Till you find your home in the wall.
Sing, O thrush! in my listening ears,
As one sang to the monk of old,
I could listen and lie for a hundred years,
And deem that their sands ran gold.
Ripple, O river! by bud and flower,
As long as my eyes may see:
Sweep, in the pride of your royal power,
Past the town to the sea;
Teach me the whole of your murmuring lay,
The night comes all too soon:
The night, ah, me! of this glorious day—in June.

SLANG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Where does it come from—where does it go to—who invents it? I mean this dreadful, delightful, disgusting, amusing, horrid, expressive, abused, much used *slang!* Everybody declares it to be coarse, and vulgar, and improper—yet everybody uses it more or less.

It is irresistible—contagious; and scorn and despise it in others, as we may, and do, before we realize what we are saying, we finish up something we are vainly endeavoring to describe, with—after a pause, where we try to think of the right word to express ourselves, and it won't come—"Well, you know how it is yourself."

Of course our friend looks shocked, or amused, as the case may be, and we exclaim, "There now we've put a foot in it, but we really didn't mean to use slang. It is an odious habit."

"That's what's the matter," says a brother, or a husband, or a cousin, coming in just then. We reprove him, with as much earnestness as though we had not just uttered two of the prevailing phrases of that dreadful slang.

"Of all expressions," we say, severely, "the one you just made use of, is the most vulgar, and we seriously object to it."

"So did Phœbe Brown," laconically observes the odious male biped.

Now, who was Phœbe Brown, that her name should fall into such a disreputable use? What did she do, or rather what *did not* she do, for if we remark before a slang-slinger that we, or that anybody has married, died, eloped, gone crazy, become famous, wrote a poem, delivered a lecture, done a washing, or built a house, we are immediately told "So did Phœbe Brown."

If we say we are cold, hot, sick, well, happy, or miserable, we are informed that "So was Phœbe Brown." In fact we are forced to believe that Phœbe Brown *was* and *did* everything, while, with all our researches through ancient and modern history, we are unable to discover from any reliable source that any such person *ever* was, or ever did anything.

We pin down the unhappy slang-slinging biped, with the stern query "Who was she?" and he responds, with the expressive sentence, "I'll be bumswiggled if I know." If we only knew *how*, we would "bumswiggle" him for his impudence in continuing his slang. But we don't. Determined to sift these expressions to the bottom, and find out just what they mean, we say, "Now, what is the definition of bumswiggle? Is it something awful?"

"You bet!" is the answer we receive.

"How disgusting!" we exclaim. "Now do use decent, civilized phrases, and tell us what that word means?"

And the biped replies, "My dear, you've got the dead wood on me there, for I don't know myself."

"The dead wood," we repeat, "what in the world is that?"

"Oh that's when you come shenanegan on a fellow and corner him."

"Oh dreadful!" we ejaculate, beginning to feel dazed. "What horrible language!"

"That's all in your eye," responds the malicious biped. "You thought you had a soft thing, but I know the difference between dezera and dezerinktum, you see."

"Well, what is it?" we gasp.

"You couldn't understand unless I put a head on you."

In despair and disgust, we give up our search for knowledge, and as the biped terms it, "walk off on our ear," and in the rear we hear a voice asking—

"How is that for high?"

And we reply, "it is very *low* indeed, and we are alarmed to discover that men and women are every day going down to its level.

Either this slang language must be discarded, or a new dictionary invented, for the benefit of the uninitiated.

Having remarked this to the biped he says "Bully for you." And pleased at his appreciation of the project, we ask him if he will undertake the work of compiling the new dictionary, and he responds, "Oh yes, over the left you know in a horn."

From which we infer that he is not to be depended upon with any certainty.

Really the thing is getting serious. No wonder foreigners listen in amazement to our prevailing language. It is growing worse daily. New words are being coined, and innocent phrases that once were common every-day expressions, are now branded as "slang."

People could say, "You know how it is yourself," when occasion required, without being considered coarse; and a loving husband once had inscribed upon his wife's tomb the simple words, "Gone up." Yet these phrases now belong to the slang language; and unless something happens to prevent, the slang-slingers will pilfer our "unabridged Webster" away from us, word by word, phrase by phrase, until we have nothing left.

And what alarms us most is that the odious habit is so contagious. We hate it, we despise it, then endure, then pity, then embrace. We find after a time that it is so much more convenient to drop the old style of conversation, the time-honored phrases, and express ourselves in the newer and briefer style. Instead of saying, "That is the cause of the difficulty," we find "That's what's the matter" more expressive.

Instead of assuring a friend that he may depend upon us in such words as "We will gladly render you any assistance in our power," we find it handier to exclaim "I'm your huckleberry." And instead of the old-fashioned "To be sure," or "Certainly," we find our lips emitting these horrible words, "You bet." Phrase by phrase we adopt the expressions, until we have scarcely an idea we do not express in slang language.

Surely this is an age of *reform*.

☞ A rifle company—A gang of thieves.

PETITE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Miss Wheeler wonders if there is anything more aggravating than being a "reminder." I take the liberty of answering that in my humble opinion there is. I think that lacking the requisite amount of inches to bring one up to the average height of one's lady friends, and being perpetually and everlastingly reminded of it, is vastly more aggravating than being a "reminder." You see it's so personal, and I always did dislike personalities.

Now in Miss Wheeler's case, if you are introduced to a lady or gentleman, and they are straightway reminded of an aunt, cousin, or uncle, you can take the benefit of the doubt, and fondly believe the aforesaid aunt, cousin or uncle to be a model of perfection and loveliness, but in my case there is nothing to console you. Your mind is brought forcibly to fear on the one fact—your utter *littleness*. Now I am on the *petite* order myself, and consequently know whereof I speak. I do not so much mind the fact of my diminutiveness as hearing people say every time they meet me, "Well, you are the *least little thing*, you don't grow one bit." Well knowing that my growing days are over, or, adding insult to injury, "you are no larger than my child, Sarah Ann." Now I stood all these "vain repetitions," like a saint, for fifty or sixty times, but the thing has at last grown condemnable to say the least, and the most of it is you must smile sweetly all the time they are making their comments. Oh dear! sometimes I have maintained a countenance "childlike and bland," when I have felt an almost irresistible inclination to profanity. So far I have crucified the flesh, and resisted the desire, but I doubt if I can maintain my Christian resignation much longer.

I have not seen Mrs. B—— for a day or two perhaps. I meet her on the street, and she says, "Why I do think you grow less and less every day." Now if that be true, I should like the scientific world to tell me how long it will be before I utterly disappear from off the face of the earth. The prospect of vanishing in thin air, is not particularly pleasant. When Miss A——, who, judging from her appearance is a lineal descendant of old Anak, says, looking down on me, "What does make you so *little?*" I feel like answering her in the language of Burns:

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
Or why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it."

Oh! being a reminder, is not a circumstance to being *so little*.

BELLE BREMER.

OPPORTUNITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

'Twas in the time the early apple,
In yellow globes, falls to the ground,
When Ben and I had harnessed Dapple,
And through the orchard slowly wound.

The fading grass was turning yellow—
The mower's scythe had laid it low—
The harvest sky was warm and mellow,
And softest winds about did blow.

When, on her labor quite intent,
I saw the merry hearted Jane
At picking berries, as I went
With lumbering wagon up the lane.

The lass on whom my heart was set,
I had not seen her, though, for weeks,
And now, it seemed, by chance we met,
And scarlet grew the maiden's cheeks.

And, softly, let me say, her mother,
Who sharply looked for worldly gains,
Had bid her daughter choose another,
And I but cursed her for her pains.

My heart was then too weak for chiding,
When I had sought the maiden's side;
The hour for which I had been biding,
I used in pleading for a bride.

And she, true heart and ever tender,
Her promise gave, I had it sealed.
Oh! wherefore should her mother send her
At picking berries in my field?

CITY CHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They are the forlornest little things, rich or poor, gentle or simple. One's heart aches for them, thinking how the little souls are cheated out of all that makes childhood the happiest.

If the city children are rich children, they are mostly brought up to be little snobs and monkeys from their babyhood. A city rich man's sons or daughters hardly ever amount to a row of pins. It is because they are nothing but starched-up little dandies to begin on, and never have a chance for their lives. It is a serious thing, yea, a sorrowful thing, to stay "dressed up." Never to know the luxury of bareback equestrianship. Never to have the fun of a jolly good wade in the creek, of a tumble on the hay, of making mud pies, of hunting hen's nests, of sneaking out into the pasture and surreptitiously milking Old Brindle at the wrong time of day, and drinking the new milk. Never, never to enjoy the unmixed delight of going barefoot. A barefoot child is one of the prettiest sights in nature. If I were worth forty millions of money, and had twenty children, they should all go barefoot in summer, with their pretty little toes, corniess and bunionless, growing straight, natural and graceful, the way the good Lord made 'em, the tender bones not crunched and twisted by that wretched tool of torture, the modern high-heeled shoe. A plump little barefoot is so sweet and pretty and pleasant to the eye. But if you will believe me, I know plenty of helpless young ones only four and five years old, with their poor, blessed toes displaying corns and misshapen joints equal to any fashionable belle in America. It is such a shame.

One feels so sorry, remembering the wild, merry childhood of the country, for the puny, twisted-up little dandies in their good clothes, who pass for children in a city. I hate clothes anyhow. And it is just outrageous to sacrifice children to their clothes.

It is bad enough for the rich children of a city; it is yet worse for the forlorn poor children. I used to sit at the back window and watch the little sons and daughters of poverty, sometimes, and the wretched caricature of childish play which they made. It was in a poor, overcrowded part of the city, where there was not a blade of grass nor a foot of blue sky to be seen. If you will notice, it is just the miserable, half-starved creatures who can't get bread to fill their own mouths, who bring unhappy little children into the world by the half dozen. I have been a firm convert to the doctrines of Malthus ever since I lived on that street. I believe people who can't or won't get enough to eat, have no business or right with children. The only place in the world where the poor little things I used to see from my back window had to play was a foul alley, full of ashes and refuse vegetables, and sometimes a dead cat or two was thrown in. It was horrible. I remember they had a live cat too, a wierd, begrimed creature, which they used to pinch and worry. I shall never forget the faces of those children. Looking into them, one involuntarily turned fortune-teller, and read a fearful story of the future from every one of them—cunning, wolfish, and evil from the start, the terrible human animals of civilization. A city is no place to rear children, rich or poor. Many and many a time I have wished, as I wish now, that some strong, tender angel would gather them all up in his arms and carry them away to the green fields and bright waters of the dear, clean country, and keep them there during all the years of their childhood. But the days of angels have long since gone by. ZIO.

GAPE-SEED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

The plants which bear this seed are rather peculiar, and no two have yet been discovered exactly alike. They are indigenous to the soil immediately around street corners, although they thrive equally well in similarly public locations. The flower (?) has a very decided odor, unmistakably resembling cigar smoke, and is as brazen in appearance as *sun*-flowers usually are. So much for plant, and flower thereof—now for the seed, which is matured in great profusion, and scattered lavishly on the passers-by. Ladies with pretty feet and ankles find it especially disagreeable on windy days to be obliged to pass near the earth where these specimens of the floral, vegetable, *or animal* kingdom (which *is* it?) are rooted—the gape-seed being scattered around them—the ladies—to such an extent that they would fain quicken their footsteps until purer air be reached to cool the uncomfortable scarlet of cheek and brow.

I forgot to mention that this plant, or weed, is an evergreen, and may be found flourishing in its particular provinces at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day. It is also common to every civilized, uncivilized, and barbarous village, town or city under the sun. Why the obnoxious things are allowed to exist, and continue to "thrive and grow fat" at the expense of the profound annoyance of so many Christian feminines, is some distance above and beyond my limited comprehension.

Would that I might fill the position of street commissioner (is that it?) for the brief space of twenty-four hours! Would I not exterminate this bane of my existence, root and branch, within that given period? Would I not stalk gracefully up and down the pavements of ye noble town, in peace and quietness of soul, and calmness of visage? Only give me the opportunity, and I will become the benefactress of this immediate spot of earth wherein I have the happiness—or misery—to abide.

ONE WOMAN'S TEMPTATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

A young girl sat in the shaded porch of a pleasant farm-house, and the summer sun came through the meshes of the vines and checkered her brown hair with lights and shadows, bringing out the bronze color that lurked in the curling tendrils. A young girl with a look of conscious loveliness, that marred the beauty of her face slightly, yet withal a fair young thing to look upon. It was Blanche Harris, scarcely sixteen, farmer Wilson's orphaned niece, sweet as an apple blossom, gay as a bluebird, and the least bit vain of her lovely face and rich soprano voice.

It was not to be wondered at if she *was* a little vain, for everybody in Brownville told her she was pretty, and praised her bird-like voice; and now Caius Roxbury, splendid, handsome, city-bred Caius Roxbury, was boarding at the farm to recruit his health, injured by a college career, and he told her so too, and called her all sorts of pretty names, and almost turned her head with flattery and praise.

She was watching for him as she sat there on the porch that golden July day. He had ridden down to the post-office to mail some letters, and for half an hour she had sat there, making a pretence of reading, but doing little else than watch for his return.

He came riding leisurely up the sunny street, the reins hanging loosely upon the roan's neck, while the rider read a letter. The summer sunshine made his brown hair gold; his face was like tinted marble, his features beautiful as those of a statue, and the eyes he turned from the letter in his hand to the girl on the porch were as blue as autumn skies, and fathomless as the ocean. No wonder Blanche Harris worshipped the very ground he walked on.

He sprang lightly from the saddle, let down the bars, and turned old roan into the pasture after hanging her bridle upon a post—an act of carelessness which would have marked him anywhere as no farm youth—and then walked back to the porch and Blanche Harris.

How handsome he looked, and how her heart beat when he drew up a chair and sat down close at her side, and took one of her hands. He was very familiar with her, kissed and caressed her openly, thinking nothing of it. Blanche was little more than a child; and he was twenty-five. It was quite like petting some beautiful child, he thought, little dreaming that his tender kisses and winning ways had awakened a fire and passion in her young breast that would burn for years to come.

"Dear little girl," he said in his peculiar, tender voice "I am going away to-morrow. A letter came to-day, which will hasten my departure, and so I must leave you and all these pleasant fields and green pastures, and go back to the city."

He saw the tears start in the soft brown eyes, and drawing down her face to his shoulder, kissed her tenderly. She clung to him, and kissed him as she never had before.

"Oh, *don't* go," she said, "why must you."

"Because —" almost hesitatingly, "because there is a woman who loves me, and whom I love, that has sent for me. I am engaged to her—we were to be married this fall; but she has concluded to go to Europe with a party of her friends week after next, and I must either wait until winter to make her my wife, or hasten back, marry her, and go to Europe with her as her husband. Of course I choose to do the latter, and so I must go to-morrow."

Her face was hidden upon his shoulder, and he could not see its changes. He felt her shiver, but did not suspect the cause.

"I must go now and pack up my trunk;" he said, lifting her up for a last kiss, "but first come and sing me a farewell song. Sing something about parting—or going away, something tender, and sweet, and sad, for parting is all that. Let it be something I never heard before, so that I may think of it only in connection with this hour."

It was like him to say that, making a tender little picture out of an every-day occurrence.

She rose, and led the way into the cool sitting-room. A little old-fashioned melodion stood near a window, and she sat down, he near her, and began to sing. It *was* a song he never had heard before.

"When you go away, my friend,
When we say our last good-bye,
Then the summer time will end,
And the winter will be nigh.
Though the green grass decks the heather,
And the birds sing all the day,
There will be no summer weather,
After you have gone away.

"When I look into your eyes,
I shall thrill with sharpest pain,
Thinking that beneath the skies,
I may never look again.
Life will lose its full completeness,
Lose it, not for you, but me,
All the beauty and the sweetness
Earth can hold, I shall not see.
When you go away, my friend,
Then the summer time will end."

Her voice was full, rich, clear as the blast of a horn: a voice that properly cultivated, might bring her a fortune. In the pathetic minor strain, the words of the song as sung by her, sounded unutterably sweet and tender. They touched Caius Roxbury to the heart, and his eyes were moist, as he rose and went to the girl's side.

"How very sweet, how very tender, how very sad," he said, holding her cheek against his shoulder. "My dear little friend, I thank you for the song, but it was almost too sad. Kiss me once more, and then I must go."

She kissed him, lovingly, passionately, and clung to him as if she *could* not let him go. A suspicion of the truth flashed upon him, and he drew her closer. "Little darling" he whispered, "there is only one woman in the world I love as I do you, only one. How sweet, how sweet you are! I shall never forget you, or this hour of parting."

In all the years to come, Blanche Harris, never forgot the joy and pain of that moment.

* * * * *

Miss Fannie Smith, the greatest chatter-box and talker in the city, was calling upon her friend Mrs. Caius Roxbury; sitting in the pleasant, elegant parlor, she detailed all the society gossip, while Mrs. Roxbury, listened, in her easy, gracious, half-interested way. She was a lovely woman—the least bit faded, and beginning to look a little worn, as these fair blondes do when they become mothers, and have besides the duties of fashionable society to attend to, as Mrs. Roxbury had.

"And have you heard," Miss Fanny was saying, "about Mrs. Deringer's new sensation? No. Well you see she is always getting acquainted with some artist, or poet, or musician, or some stunning beauty, and belle, and taking her or him to her heart and home, and astonishing society. So now she is going to give a party—you have received invitations of course, but there is only one or two who know what it is given for. Of course I am *one* who knows, I always manage to find out such things, and the fact is, she has captured a new star—a perfectly stunning girl, who is an heiress, and sings wonderfully, and is handsome besides. She is going to astonish us all, and so I warned you, that you might be prepared to feel properly astonished. We must all wear our best, and look our prettiest. And now I *must* go, really."

Mrs. Roxbury bowed her caller out, in her pleasant way. "Do come again," she said, "for it is quite enlivening to hear you talk. I go out so little that I get dull sometimes, and quite behind the times in the news of the day. But for you, I should know positively nothing."

Mrs. Roxbury told her husband that evening of the surprise Mrs. Deringer had in store for them.

"Have you ever heard anything of the girl, her name even?" she asked.

Caius Roxbury, holding the evening paper in one hand, and stroking the sunny hair of a two-year-old child with the other, answered without taking his eyes from the paper.

"I have not, and know nothing of any new belle. We shall see her in good time, I suppose, if there *is* one."

He was standing at the extreme end of Mrs. Deringer's spacious parlors, idly gazing upon the brilliant scene around him, when he saw her. She came floating into the room, on the arm of an elderly gentleman; a man bronzed and browned and burned by foreign suns, and bearing the marks of a seaman and a traveller. The lady was of a medium height, and her rounded figure was clad in something shimmering and filmy that fell in soft folds about and behind her as she walked. The splendid arms and shoulders were bare, and decked with costly gems—gems gleamed in her bronze brown hair, and her beautiful cheeks were softly flushed, her lips like scarlet berries. Such a vision of beauty and elegance and grace, seldom dawned upon the eye of man.

Mrs. Deringer presented her to the guests assembled, with delight depicted on every feature. "Mr. Clifton, and his niece, Miss Clifton," was what Mrs. Deringer said aloud, but she soon found opportunity to whisper about among her guests, "Mr. Clifton is a millionaire from the Indies, and his niece is his only heir. A most accomplished and talented young lady just from Europe, where she has been devoting some years to music."

And soon the room was in a buzz, and Miss Clifton was besieged to give the company music, which she did, after the desire was generally expressed.

Music. You might have heard a pin drop when she ceased playing, the silence had been so deep. Every pulse was throbbing to the wonderful strains of harmony her supple fingers produced, and when she sang, when that glorious soprano voice, strong and pure, and passionate rang out, the interest became excitement, and a murmur of exclamations ran around the room. She sang difficult operas, and wonderful Italian songs, and then, turning her eyes—those subtle powerful eyes—full upon Caius Roxbury, who had drawn near the piano, and stood drinking in the beauty of her voice and face, she said, "I will sing you one song more, and then I must be excused from singing more. It is a simple little song, but one of my favorites," and with a few rippling notes of prelude, and with her eyes still upon the face of Caius Roxbury, she began to sing—

"When you go away, my friend,
When we say our last good-bye,"

She sang it through, and rose from the piano and moved away amidst the warm thanks and praises of the company. As she passed Caius Roxbury she dropped her fan, and he picked it up and withheld it for a moment as he bent near and spoke in a low voice:

"I beg your pardon, but did I misunderstand Mrs. Deringer, or is your name Miss Clifton? *Can* I be mistaken, or are you—" He paused, for her smile finished the sentence.

"No you are *not* mistaken," she said, "and I *am* your old friend Blanche Harris."

"But how—I do not understand—"

"Take me out of the crowd, and I will tell you," she said, and slipping her hand through his arm, he led her out upon the moonlit verandah. Walking there up and down, her hand upon his arm, her beautiful face looking up into his just as it used to look years before, she told him how a few months after his departure her mother's only brother had come from the Indies, and adopted her as his child, taking her to Europe, and giving her every advantage that wealth could furnish. "For five years," she said, "I applied myself to my studies and my music. You can see what progress I made; and judge for yourself if I improved. The last two years we have spent in travel, and now I have come back to America to stay, I hope, for it is the land I love. I have been out to the old home, and visited all the old haunts. I remembered the hours we spent there, and wondered if you would recognize me. To-night, when we met, I saw a look of half-recognition in your eyes, but when my name was spoken it died out. Then I sang the old song and watched you while I sang. I felt sure that would set you to thinking, and it did."

How beautiful she was, with all her childish beauty blossomed out in full bloom; how frank and innocent she was; how charming, with all the freedom of her childhood, and no distant, formal, young lady airs. Surely she was an unspoiled child of fortune.

In Caius Roxbury's heart there was genuine admiration and friendship for the little girl that had come back to him with all her youthful beauty and innocence, albeit a woman. There was just that, and nothing more. In her heart the old fire of love was still smouldering; in all these years it had never burned out. She had been loved, admired, sought after as an heiress and a beauty and a genius would be by men of all stations in life. But the memory of *one* face, one voice, one man filled up the room in the heart that might otherwise have been occupied by another. She had come back to America that she might be near him—that she might see his face and hear his voice. Farther than that she did not think—she dared not think. Beautiful, talented, wealthy, with every wish gratified but *one*, she determined to gratify that in a measure by being near the man she loved. Passionate as beautiful, wilful as talented, unreasoning as loveable, she did not stop to consider what the end might be.

"And now," she said, looking up into his face with those magnetic eyes, "we must go back to the company. I have not met your wife yet, at least I do not think she was among those to whom I was introduced, and I want you to present me and tell her I was a little friend of yours once."

She was dying for a glimpse of the woman's face of whom he had spoken when he said, "There is only one woman in the world that I love as I do you."

Sitting by an open window, attired in mauve silk, her blonde hair fashionably dressed and adorned, she saw her.

"Miss Clifton, this is my wife—Mrs. Roxbury. Julia, this is my little friend of whom you have often heard me speak, once Blanche Harris, now the adopted daughter of Mr. Clifton. You will be friends, I am sure."

There was pleased surprise on Mrs. Roxbury's face, as she rose and took the young lady's hand. There was suppressed emotion of some kind, in Miss Clifton's manner—there was a quick, searching, scrutinizing glance of her brown eyes, and then she sat down and fell into a conversation. Blanche exerted herself to be agreeable—and succeeded.

"A most charming girl," Mrs. Roxbury said to her husband, on their way home. "So beautiful and talented, and yet so unassuming and frank in manner. I like her much, and have invited her to spend a week or two with us. She is coming next week."

If any man had intimated to Caius Roxbury, that he was in danger of forgetting his marriage vows, and letting his heart go out toward another woman, he would have considered the man a fit candidate for an insane asylum. He loved his wife tenderly and truly, and was a devoted husband and father. And yet—!

Blanche Clifton came, and spent two brief weeks, under Caius Roxbury's roof. Pleasant to Mr. and Mrs. Roxbury, pleasant to Blanche, surely. To be where she could hear the sound of *his* voice, to hear his step, and see his face, was all she asked. All, at first, but soon she wanted more. She drew him with her magnetic eyes and wonderful voice. They sang together and talked together and read together. She seemed to grow more beautiful every day, more like the child she used to be, so innocent and frank. Lovers followed in her shadow—lovers thronged the house of Caius Roxbury. Among them was Robert Wakely, but not foremost. Handsome, manly, rich, and with a lucrative profession—yet he stood back and admired, but did not speak, for what would it avail him? Where others, richer, handsomer, more worthy had failed, what had he to hope?

It was the last evening of Miss Clifton's stay beneath Caius Roxbury's roof. Julia was up in the nursery; she always spent the twilight hours with her children. Blanche sat at the piano, Caius leaned over her.

"Sing," he said.

And she sang, "When you go away." Sang it just as she had sung it seven years before, when she was sixteen, and he twenty-five. She a little country girl, and he a city youth just free from a long college course. Now she was twenty-three, an heiress, and a belle, and he was thirty-two, a husband and a father.

But when she had finished the song, they had both forgotten that—had both gone back to that life seven years before. She rose from the piano—he stepped forward, and she found her head upon his shoulder, his lips meeting hers. Just for one wild, delirious moment, and she heard his voice saying,

"Darling, in all the world, there is no one I love as I do you."

At last he had said it—at last he loved her, even as she loved him. She sprang from his arms, and sped away to her room. Wild, tumultuous emotions surged through her passionate, undisciplined heart. Love, shame, triumph, happiness, guilt—and over all, a strange undefined feeling of terror. Now she asked her heart, "Where will it end;" but her heart could not answer.

When she came down, her calm face betrayed nothing. Mrs. Roxbury was sitting by her husband, his hand in hers, and she greeted Blanche with a pleasant smile, regretting that they were to lose her so soon.

"Play for us," she said, and Blanche sat down and played out a portion of the passion and strife that raged in her breast, and closed with a sad, wailing strain, that brought the tears to Mrs. Roxbury's blue eyes.

"Oh, how sad," she said; "it sounded like some lost soul wailing over a ruined life."

It was a week after Blanche left Caius Roxbury's roof before she saw him again. In that one week she had lived over a score of times the one wild moment when he held her in his arms, the wild words she heard him utter, the sweetest words that had ever fallen upon her ear. Bad, vicious, wicked, you call her, but she was not that. She was kind-hearted, generous, benevolent, and free from all mean envy, or spite, from all silly vanity. But she had a passionate, undisciplined heart, and her mad love for Caius Roxbury had overruled her reason.

In the week that passed away without bringing the face of Blanche before his eyes, Caius Roxbury had repented of his rash words, uttered in a moment of delirium, and saw the folly he had been guilty of. He fully determined to conduct himself with strict propriety in the future; and at their next meeting, which was at Lady Everton's reception, he gave her but a frigid bow and passed by, his wife upon his arm. But as the evening wore on, her appealing eyes and sad expression touched him, and he went over to her side and sat down by her.

The band struck up a bewildering waltz a moment later—a waltz that sent the blood leaping and bounding through every vein, as nothing but waltz music can. They listened a moment in silence. "Will you join the dancers?" he asked, and she strove to say no, but could not. His arm slipped about her waist, her hand was upon his shoulder, and away they whirled, around and around, until music and lights and *his* face and earth and heaven were all strangely commingled and intermixed and blurred together in her brain; until all she was conscious of was that his arm was about her, his breath upon her cheek.

She scarcely knew when they ceased waltzing and left the dancers, but she found herself standing in a cool alcove, the wind fanning her forehead, her cheek resting upon his shoulder, the music sounding dimly in her ears from the distant ball room.

He was drawing her closer, and she had not the power to resist. He was speaking, and she could only listen.

"Darling, I love you, love you wholly and entirely, love you better than life, name, family, honor, aye, than heaven itself. I know that you love me—that you *have* loved me for years, and I know that you have a claim upon me. I won your heart years ago: take mine now—fly with me to distant lands, and let us live and love together.

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Will you, darling, go with me to-morrow night? Quick—a step approaches—say yes."

She said it—for her life she could not have said anything else, and then springing from his arms, fled back to the ball-room and mingled with the revellers, so gay, so overflowing with spirits that people were amazed, and declared that Miss Clifton's beauty was only equalled by her wit.

Could they have seen her the next morning as she sat by the open window of her room in the gray dawn, haggard, shivering, pale, hugging her rash promise to her heart, and letting the thorn of reproach pierce her breast rather than unsay what was said, they would not have known her. She had not slept one moment that night, and she dreaded the day, for the *evening* was to follow, the evening that was to take her from home, society, friends, and give her to the man who was dearer than all. Yes, she would go, she was fully resolved upon that.

The morning wore on; ten o'clock arrived, and with it a servant with a card, on which was written the name of "Robert Wakely," and below, in pencil, "*I must see you* upon a matter of more than life and death."

But for that strange sentence she would not have seen him, having determined to see no one that day. But she sent for him to come up, and waited wonderingly. He came, and started in surprise at her pallid and haggard face.

He drew a chair up by her side, he spoke low and rapidly.

"I have come," he said, "to say to you what may make me hateful to you forever. But I must say it. I was in the alcove, behind the curtain, last night, and I heard what passed between you and Caius Roxbury. Hush—I did not listen, but I could not help hearing, he spoke so rapidly. I did not come to reproach you. I know that he was the love of your youth, know his fascinations, know your peculiar temperament. I know you were terribly tempted, but I beg you unsay your rash words—break your terrible promise, retract before it is too late. Think what it is that you are about to do! Leaving home, friends, society, respect, love, and admiration to go with a man who has a mad fancy for you, which will burn out like a chip fire. There will be a few weeks of delirious passion, and then he will desert you, as such men *always* do; he will see his sin and folly, and leave you to die or go to destruction. If he will desert the lawful and loving wife of his bosom, will he not desert you? Your name will be scorned, your reputation blasted. Oh, promise me, promise me that you will not go; say that you will never do this awful thing."

She was weeping when he finished, sobbing in a passion of grief and remorse. He waited for her to speak, and at last the words came. "God bless you forever for these timely words. I am saved—I will not go."

Without another word more he left her, and with rapid steps took his way to Caius Roxbury's stately home. A servant answered the bell, and showed him into the parlor; but Robert Wakely saw at one glance that he was not needed there, for at the farther end of the spacious parlor stood Caius Roxbury, one arm encircling the form of his wife, his other holding a pretty prattler to his breast, while a child a few years older, hung to the mother's skirts; and the look of infinite rest and peace upon Caius Roxbury's face told Robert Wakely that he had been fighting the battle alone with sin, and had won.

So absorbed were the quartette that he withdrew without a word, and without being observed. He went back to Blanche Clifton, and told her what he had seen. "Thank God!" she cried fervently, and then sat down and wrote this to Caius Roxbury:

"Daylight brought an angel in mortal form to me, and reason has assumed her sway once more. May you and yours be happy for evermore, with the happiness that springs from a virtuous and noble life."

Caius Roxbury understood, and thanked God in his heart. He had found his angels in his own home, and wondered whose form the angel came in to Blanche Clifton. He never knew till a year later, when he received a tinted card bearing the names,

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT WAKELY,
MISS BLANCHE CLIFTON.

"Ah, she has flown to the shelter of her angel's wings," he said. "Thank God, she is pure and worthy to be his wife."

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The doubts that have been entertained in reference to the truth of the report of the discovery of Dr. David Livingstone, by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the New York Herald Commissioner, should be entirely dispelled by the certificates of Earl Granville, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of Mr. S. Livingstone, the son of the long lost African explorer. Under date of August 1st, Viscount Enfield, Secretary to Earl Granville, formally acknowledges the receipt of a package containing letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone, which Mr. Stanley had delivered to Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador at Paris, for transmission to the English Foreign Office. Under date of August 2d, Earl Granville writes an autograph letter to Mr. Stanley, alluding to the doubts as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches delivered to Lord Lyons, and says that, after inquiring into the matter, he finds that Mr. E. Hammond, Under Secretary, and Mr. Wm. Henry Wylde, Senior Clerk of the Foreign Office, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers transmitted through Lord Lyons, which are now being printed. Earl Granville expresses his admiration of the qualities which have enabled Mr. Stanley to achieve the object of his mission.

Mr. S. Livingstone also certifies that Mr. Stanley has handed to him the diary of Dr. Livingstone, which he has not the slightest reason to doubt is his father's journal. The diary was in a closed package, sealed and signed by Dr. Livingstone, with instructions written on the outside, and signed by the African explorer. Mr. S. Livingstone also says that the letters brought by Stanley are from Dr. Livingstone, and from no other person. This evidence would seem sufficient to remove even the doubts of the German geographer Keipert, who is incredulous as to the authenticity of the Livingstone letters, in consequence of the various alleged geographical blunders contained in them.

☞ Persons who never complain of "short crops"—Barbers.

☞ A Paris letter hints that Gustav Doré's poor health and spirits are not due to overwork, but to his infatuation for Christine Nilsson, that was.

DEAD LEAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Bind me no crown of laurel blooms,
No fame-wreath of the bay;
All tired of life, its trial, strife,
Sick, sad, I turn away.
For, oh! my heart is sore
With hopeless longing and with pain!
All things of earth are vain;
And I can sing no more
Forever and forever!

O, roses for the youthful brow,
Red blooms of hope and light;
And myrtle for the well-belov'd—
Ivy for me to-night.
For, oh! my heart is sore
And moans all bitterly in pain;
Yet in its moaning vain:
That lost comes back no more
Forever and forever!

Crown me with wreath of withered leaves
Of ivy and the bay.
From all the happiness on earth,
Sick, sad, I turn away.
For, oh! my heart is sore!
Your laughter light, and living vain,
Accord not with the pain
That shrouds my living o'er
Forever and forever!

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

BAFFLED, AND SORE PERPLEXED.

The day subsequent to that on which occurred the events narrated in the two last chapters, Victor Raynham paid a flying visit to New York.

Dora knew he was going, for she overheard him giving some orders to his confidential servant, Vigal. It was at once impressed on her mind that his going had something to do with the missing five thousand dollars.

"Perhaps I was wrong in my accusations, and he did *not* pay over any money to this stranger who called himself Carl Muller," she thought. "Perhaps he is going this very day to see Miles Rugby himself. Oh, merciful heavens! in what a web of mystery I seem to be entangled! Is there no truth and candor, and honesty in the world?"

She went straight to Mr. Ketchem.

"Victor is going to the city on some secret mission, to-day," she said; "and you must follow him."

"Humph!" muttered the lawyer, sarcastically. "Why will you persist in setting spies on your lover's movements? This seems like an entirely new episode in the history of the tender passion."

"I care not what it seems like," exclaimed the obstinate girl, half-angrily. "I am determined to know the truth of this iniquitous business, at whatever cost.

From being wax, this beautiful creature had been changed into a thing of iron, by the events of the past few days.

Mr. Ketchem smiled at her earnestness.

"I think you are a little hard on poor Victor."

"No, I am not."

"You persist in suspecting him, and yet scarcely give him a chance to clear himself."

She looked straight into the lawyer's eyes, at that.

"Don't *you* suspect him?" she asked, abruptly. "I know you did not, at first; but, don't you now?"

Mr. Ketchem winced.

"No," he answered, after a moment's hesitation, "I think I can say honestly I do not. We must look further for the real rogue."

"Would to heaven you were right," she cried, wringing her hands with a true womanly burst of anguish.

She calmed herself, almost instantly.

"There should be no useless arguments between you and me," she said; "I ask you, once for all—will you follow Victor to the city?"

"Yes, since you wish it."

"Good. Now I will tell you more particularly, why I wish it.

Then she spoke of Carl Muller's visit, and the few words she had overheard.

"I cannot help connecting this sudden journey with the visit of yesterday," she said, in conclusion.

"You should have told me all this in the first place," the lawyer returned, looking grave. "I no longer feel the slightest hesitation in dogging Victor's footsteps. I don't believe him the guilty man that you would make him out; but I—"

"That *I* would make him out?" interrupted Dora, reproachfully. "Oh, Mr. Ketchem!"

"But I now think he may possibly be the victim of some base conspiracy," Mr. Ketchem finished, as if she had not spoken.

Dora turned pale, and began to tremble.

"A conspiracy?" she repeated. "I do not understand you, sir. Who could have any object in wronging or harming Victor?"

"That is precisely what I don't know—and what I would like, above all things, to find out."

"You surely would not make such a remark as you made a moment since, unless some reasons existed to explain it?"

"I decline to give my reason for the present," the lawyer returned, shortly.

Truth to tell, it would have been very difficult for him to do so. His opinion was more an instinctive feeling of the mind than a conclusion drawn from anything he had seen or heard.

Possibly it arose from a mere love of opposition. Dora was trying hard to believe Victor guiltless of the theft of the five thousand dollars. She had seen and heard more than enough to convict him in the mind of any unprejudiced person. But, poor girl, she still clung desperately to the hope of his innocence. She accused him with her tongue, but her heart never turned traitor to him—never really accepted anything to his discredit.

It was to the words of her mouth that the lawyer offered opposition. Her heart was a holy of holies which he never sought to penetrate.

Victor Raynham went down to the city by the 11.20 express, Mr. Ketchem was in a rear car of the same train, where he kept safely out of sight.

It was nearly dark when they returned—by one and the same train as they had departed.

Victor reached the house first. Dora saw him come in, and knew that Mr. Ketchem could not be far behind him. So, in her impatience, she threw a scarf over her head, and ran down the walk to meet him.

He was near the gate, advancing very slowly, with his head dropped on his breast. Something in his attitude struck a chill to Dora's heart. She went straight up to him, and said in a faltering voice:—

"What have you to tell me?"

"Nothing of importance."

Then, avoiding her eye, he glanced all round, and tried to assume his usually cheerful air.

"It is a beautiful evening, Miss Dora."

This deliberate turning from the subject worried and vexed her. But she brought him straight back to it again.

"You have made some discovery, Mr. Ketchem, and I *will* know what it is."

"You'd better not."

"Don't you know that I can endure anything better than suspense? You are not acting the part of a true friend in trying to keep your discovery from me."

Mr. Ketchem saw that she was flushed and excited. And there was a pleading expression in her lovely eyes which he found himself powerless to resist.

"Oh, you provoking impetuosity," he groaned. "There's no such thing as putting a little restraint on your curiosity. I must blurt out the truth, I suppose, no matter how unpromising it may be?"

"Yes."

"Bah! I don't answer for the consequences, remember. Well, Victor, *did* go to see Miles Rugby."

She recoiled a little, biting her lip with all a man's savage self-restraint. "Go on," she said, in a very low tone of voice.

"I have every reason to believe that he paid him a large sum of money."

"Dear, dear!"

"The interview took place in one of the vile purlieus of the city, known as Hook Dock."

"Tell me something of the place."

"What can I tell you save that it is irredeemably vile—the resort of river and harbor thieves, and other desperadoes of the same stamp."

"Ah, just heaven!"

"Of course I could not manage to be present at the interview. But I remained hidden in an alley close by while it was going on. When it ended, the ruffian who answers to your description of this Miles Rugby, came out of the den in which it had been carried on, and walked a short distance up the street with Victor."

"Go on, go on."

"Of course I could only catch a word or two of their conversation, for Victor must have guessed at once my object in being there had he caught sight of me. But I know they were talking of money, and Miles Rugby seemed to be grumbling because Victor had not brought him more."

Dora heaved a profound sigh. Against her wishes—against her better judgment—the certainty was slowly being forced upon her mind that the man she loved was even baser than she had ever thought him.

"I have not come to the strangest and most puzzling part of what I have to relate," Mr. Ketchem said, after a brief pause.

"Heaven help me! What more is there to be told?"

"Simply this; before seeking Miles Rugby, Victor went to a well-known money lender in Wall street."

"Why did he go there?"

"To raise three thousand dollars on some securities he had to present."

Dora changed color. "The wretch!" she muttered. "Will nothing satisfy his rapacity?"

The lawyer saw the bitter tears gathering in her eyes, and hastily resumed:

"My dear young lady, I am inclined to gather hope from this circumstance."

"What hope can you gather? In me it only excites the dread that that wretched young man designs to ruin us all."

The tears of misery now rolled over her cheeks in spite of all her efforts to stay them.

"Let me tell you," he said. "When you first made a confidant of me you assured me that it was five thousand dollars this Miles Rugby demanded of Victor—no more, no less."

She nodded her head, but could not speak.

"Well," he went on, "if Victor already had that sum in his possession, why should he go to the money-lender at all?"

Dora caught eagerly at the hope held out.

"What," she cried, tremulously. "Do you argue, from this circumstance, that Victor is not the real culprit at all?"

"I leave you to draw your own conclusions," was the dry response.

"Alas, alas! I cannot forget what happened in the library the very night when the money must have been stolen. Oh, I cannot forget that."

"Humph. Has not Victor sworn that he did not come into the room at all? I tell you all that must have been a wretched fancy of your excited brain. I would not give that for it as convicting evidence."

He snapped his fingers contemptuously. But Dora, after regarding him earnestly a moment, turned away her head with a weary sigh.

"You cannot convince *me* that I have been the victim of a delusion, sir. I would give my right hand though to be thus convinced."

Then, after struggling with her own violent agitation, she added:

"It does seem strange that Victor should have borrowed three thousand dollars to-day."

"Very strange. I own myself puzzled and at a loss. He could have had no earthly use for *eight* thousand dollars."

"No, no."

"Therefore I am led to conclude that he has never had the handling of a single penny of the missing money; and has borrowed the three thousand to satisfy Miles Rugby's immediate demands."

"Who, then, could have stolen the money?"

"I don't know. Tom Marvel, perhaps."

"You and I know better."

He smiled, and said, "It is useless trying to put *you* on the wrong scent. But, really, there is something mysterious in all this business. I do not begin to see through it, as yet."

"It is a mystery that time alone can solve, I fear," she answered, wearily.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SPY FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

After this, Victor Raynham went to the city every day for a week.

This was a very unusual proceeding on his part, and, of course, excited remark. His mother found herself puzzled with all the rest, and questioned him.

"It is business that takes me there," he answered; but with such a worn, haggard smile she could not help seeing he was only putting her off.

Even Mr. Ketchem, who scarcely felt disposed to dog his footsteps a second time, found himself at a loss.

"If Victor goes to Hook Dock on every occasion," he said to Dora, "then he must be deeper in Miles Rugby's power than we ever imagined."

The poor girl answered nothing to this; but she soon came to a determination; namely, to follow the misguided young man herself, and so find out if he was indeed meeting Miles from day to day.

"Heaven help me," she murmured to herself. "I love Victor as well as ever. I can't give him up. I can't see him rush headlong to ruin without interposing to save him."

She kept these feelings locked in the recesses of her own heart, however, and sedulously shunned her lover while he was at Roundwood, taking especial care never to be left alone with him.

The look of misery he sometimes fixed upon her nearly broke her heart, however.

This state of affairs could not wholly escape Mrs. Raynham's observation. She attempted no interference; but she would sigh, sometimes, and say softly to herself, "Poor, poor Victor!"

Vincent did not accept things quite so resignedly. Once, during this week of which we are now writing, he attempted to remonstrate with Dora for her coldness toward his brother; but his own mad passion for the girl peeped out so unmistakably from behind every sentence he uttered that his words did no good whatever.

"Do, do try to be kinder to poor Victor," he pleaded. "This estrangement is torturing my heart as well as yours. Believe me, it would be better for you to forget and forgive."

"Forgive!" she echoed, faintly.

"Why not? If he has been guilty of a crime, I do not doubt but that it has been repented of most heartily. I, his brother, am more than willing to forgive."

"And yet you have more to forgive than I have."

"True. I am not a good man, Dora. But if I have one virtue that exalts me more than another, it is love for Victor. We are twin brothers, remember. He seems a part of myself, and I love him better than I love myself."

"I believe you," she said, faintly.

He pressed her trembling hand, and went on, with a look of irrepressible ardor:

"I should *hate* any other man for coming between you and me, Dora. I should hate him in proportion to the intensity of your passion for him. But I would rather that Victor had won you than to win you myself. He loves you, darling, and I should be a knave if I felt unwilling to sacrifice myself to him."

Dora ended this conversation, as she usually ended all that were like it, by darting abruptly away.

It was the very next day that she resolved to follow Victor to the city.

He set out much later than usual—indeed, it was nearly night when he left Roundwood. But Dora's burning impatience would not suffer her to wait for some other occasion. She was dressed and on the watch when he finally took his way to the station.

She threw a thick veil over her face and cautiously left the house. The train was nearly ready to start when she reached the station. She saw Victor leap into one of the coaches, and immediately took her own place in that next in the rear.

Her heart fluttered with fear and anxiety. The train began to move, and glided puffing and snorting out of the station, just as a woman, as closely veiled as herself, came hurrying down the aisle in search of a seat.

Dora stared, and drew her breath hard. But it was impossible to mistake that tall, graceful figure. She held out her hand as the figure drew near, and said very softly:

"Mrs. Raynham."

A low cry and a suppressed sob came from behind the veil. Then Mrs. Raynham—for it was indeed she—dropped weakly upon the cushions by Dora's side.

"My poor girl," she moaned, "are you here, too?"

They sat staring at each other, trying to see and read each other's faces through the thick lace that covered them. All in vain—but a low wail came from the lips of each.

"Is it possible," said Dora, at last, "that we are both here on the same errand?"

"Victor!" gasped the unhappy mother.

Dora put those trembling fingers to her lips and kissed them.

"I comprehend all that you would say," she whispered. "You are anxious about Victor, and are following him to the city."

"I am. And you, Dora, are doing the same thing, with the same motive."

"Yes."

A short silence ensued. Mrs. Raynham was crying softly behind her veil.

"I wish we had trusted each other more fully," she said, at last. "We might have been a great comfort to each other. But my own fears and suspicions were so horrible that I dared not lisp them to a living soul. I've kept them hidden in my own heart, and tried to put on a calm face from first to last."

Dora shuddered, but could not speak.

Mrs. Raynham endured her silence for a little time, and then broke out passionately:

"Oh, Dora, speak to me! You loved my poor boy. Perhaps you love him still; you must, indeed, or you would not be here. Tell me, for God's sake, if you believe him to be a guilty wretch?"

These words fell on the girl's ears like a thunderbolt. She had felt convinced all along that Mrs. Raynham had never connected Victor in any way with the missing five thousand dollars. But now she saw that she had been mistaken.

"Guilty of what?" she faltered.

"Don't put me off. You must know very well what I mean. Did he steal the five thousand dollars?"

"No, no, no!"

The words burst from her involuntarily. It was her heart that spoke—not the secret convictions of her soul. She could no more help uttering this denial than she could have helped breathing.

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Mrs. Raynham, wearily. "I think I have endured torture equal to that of the damned for the past two weeks. Nobody has had any conception of my sufferings. You have given me a little comfort, my darling."

Dora felt that she had said too much, and what was not true. She now tried to better it by saying more.

"If I have not suspected Victor," she stammered, "there are those at Roundwood who have. It would be wrong for me to conceal this fact from you, I am sure it would."

"Who has suspected him?"

"I would rather not tell you."

Mrs. Raynham fidgeted a moment, then lifted the corner of Dora's veil, and looked steadily into her face. When her hand dropped into her lap again she sighed heavily.

"You are one of them," she said. "Don't deny it to spare me pain, dear child. You are one of those who have suspected my son of the theft."

"I will not believe him guilty until he is proven so," cried Dora, passionately.

"Nor shall I." She drew nearer, and suddenly flung both arms round the girl's neck, saying:

"You and I must do what we can to prove his innocence."

"Yes, yes."

"If others are deserting him it is so much the more necessary that you and I should stand true and firm."

"I know it."

Neither spoke for a long time; but their hearts beat side by side, and they had never seemed so near to each other as in that hour of trial and deep sorrow.

At last Mrs. Raynham spoke.

"I fear that the poor boy is being led into bad ways. There is one man living whose influence over him I have every reason to fear. And I am sure he goes to the city to meet that man."

"What man?" asked Dora.

She shook her head. "It is better that I should not tell you, my dear."

"You will let me guess? Then I am sure it is Miles Rugby whom you mean."

Mrs. Raynham started, but answered, after a moment's hesitation:

"That *is* the name by which he chooses to call himself."

"And not his true name?"

"I have good cause to think it is not."

She trembled so that Dora forebore to question her further. She remembered Mrs. Raynham's illness, and the fainting fit which had followed the unexpected visit of that very man to Roundwood, and was silent.

It was quite dark when they reached the city. They waited until they saw Victor hurry along the platform before leaving the car themselves. Then Mrs. Raynham whispered softly:

"I feel incapable of taking a step further of myself. I shall leave you to manage everything."

"I will do what I can for your sake, and—for Victor's."

By a powerful effort she brought back the fast failing strength to her limbs. The thought that she had somebody to protect was a wonderful incentive. It helped her as nothing else could have done. It gave her the necessary courage to go on with what she had begun.

She helped Mrs. Raynham out of the car, and hurried her along the platform in Victor's footsteps. They were just in season to see the young man leap into a cab, which instantly rolled away.

A second cab stood near. Dora dashed up to it, quivering with excitement.

"Follow the carriage that has just driven off," she cried, slipping some money into the driver's hand. "Keep far enough to the rear not to attract attention. But on no account must you lose sight of it."

"All right, miss," said the man, grinning. He seemed to suspect some sort of lark or other.

In another minute Mrs. Raynham and Dora were seated in the cab, and being whirled at a rapid rate through the busy, bustling streets.

Once only did any words pass between them during that ride. Then Mrs. Raynham said quietly:

"I am sure you wonder at me for following my son's footsteps so secretly. But I can't question him, and I *must* know if he is still in communication with this Miles Rugby. I have endured suspense until it has nearly driven me mad; I'll endure it no longer."

At least an hour must have elapsed before the cab stopped, and the driver thrust his head in at the door.

"The young gent has got out, ma'am," he said, "I think he intends to finish his journey on foot."

Dora jumped to the ground, dragging Mrs. Raynham with her. "Where is he?" she cried sharply.

"Right down that street. You'll see him the minute you turn the corner. Thank you, ma'am."

The impetuous girl had pushed another bill into his hand, which caused this expression of gratitude.

She dashed onward a few steps, and there, sure enough, was Victor, only a few hundred yards in advance.

"Courage," she whispered in her companion's ear, for they now appeared to be in a very vile quarter of the city, and Mrs. Raynham was trembling violently, half with excitement, half with dread.

"Oh, to think that my son should frequent such a neighborhood as this," she murmured, glancing round at the ruinous, decrepid houses, and the evidences of crime and poverty and misery that met them at every hand.

Dora answered nothing, but her breath ran icy cold over her parted lips. She knew they were both in deadly peril while they remained in that locality. But the thought of Victor urged her on.

She would risk anything and everything to save him.

It was a sombre and filthy spot, reeking with every description of abomination. A cold, raw wind blew in her face that seemed to be humid with river-damp. Everywhere was dirt, gloom and sombreness.

She rightly conjectured that she was now in the vicinity of Hook Dock.

Victor stalked on before his mother and Dora until he reached a dilapidated old house, which had once evidently been a low tavern, but which now seemed utterly deserted, for no light gleamed from the battered casements, and a strip of board was nailed on the door indicating that it was to let.

Stepping up to this door, he gave four distinct taps with his knuckles.

Dora had been watching him so very intently that she anticipated this movement on his part. While he was nearing the old house, she had been rapidly and steadily gaining on him. The instant he stopped at the door she had suddenly dropped in a crouching attitude in the dark angle made where this building was met by the adjoining one, and had pushed Mrs. Raynham against the wall with her hand closed tightly over her mouth.

Victor had not seen them, though they were now only five or six yards away.

There followed an instant of breathless suspense after he had given that peculiar knock. Then the door opened softly, and a shrill voice said:

"Who comes there?"

"One who knows the ropes," Victor had answered.

"All right, comrade. Come in."

Then the door closed again.

CHAPTER XV.

THE JAWS OF HELL.

Dora had caught the words distinctly, and they sounded very strange and frightful to her. But she was shrewd enough to see that all this must be some formula which was the *open sesame* to that disreputable-looking house.

"One who knows the ropes," she repeated to herself with a weary sigh. "Ah, me!"

Mrs. Raynham shuddered. "What does it mean?" she asked.

Dora told her. She seemed ready to faint with the horror and shame of it all. "If Victor knows the pass-words of these villains, then indeed is he lost," she moaned.

"Lost," said Dora, "unless we try to save him."

"What can we do?"

"Follow him into this frightful den and prevail on him to go home with us."

"Surely you wouldn't do that?"

"I will do it," Dora returned, firmly. "You can remain here and wait for me, if you choose."

"Wait?" echoed Mrs. Raynham, in reproachful tones. "No; I will go with you, my darling.

"Perhaps you had better. He might not listen to me. I am sure he will listen to you."

These two brave and loving women pressed to the door, and Dora gave four taps, just as Victor had done. After a brief delay, the clanging of chains could be heard within, the door opened a few inches, and a voice that seemed to issue from deep darkness, asked, as it had done before—

"Who comes there?"

"One who knows the ropes," Dora answered, steadily.

"Come in."

She gave Mrs. Raynham's hand a warning pressure, then crossed the threshold, squeezing with difficulty past the door, which did not seem to open very wide.

She found herself in pitch darkness; but she could hear the sound of suppressed breathing near at hand. The black gloom and the silence, save for this one sound, made her quake with fear, and she said piteously—

"How am I ever to find my way?"

"Take hold of my hand," replied the voice. "I'll lead you."

The voice had been a man's—gruff and coarse; the hand was a man's, also, hard and knotted. Dora's blood ran cold as it touched her own, but there seemed no other way.

She suffered herself to be led along a passage of some sort. Mrs. Raynham followed, keeping close to her side, but saying nothing. Mother love had made this woman strong and fearless of a sudden. She no longer had a thought of shrinking back.

"Take care!" said their unseen guide, presently. "Here are the steps—ten in all. Up we go." He gave Dora's hand a sly squeeze, which she dared not resent. But she was thankful for the warning.

Near the top of the stairs was a door, for their guide fumbled for a key, and then fumbled in the dark for the lock, and at last ushered them into a second passage, which was dimly lighted.

They saw now that the man was a tall, burly fellow, and evidently disguised.

"I don't know who you are," he said, looking at the two trembling females with his ferocious black eyes. "But I reckon it must be all right, or you couldn't have given the countersign."

He did not wait for a reply, luckily, but led them right on to another door, which he threw wide open.

They found themselves in a long, low room where three or four men and as many women were gathered around a couple of tables near the middle of the apartment.

Dora half lifted her veil, and gave a quick, furtive glance all round. The person she sought was nowhere to be seen.

"I want Victor Raynham," she said, turning to the man who had guided them in.

"Ho, ho! The new pal. He's but just come in. However, I'll try to find him for you, my beauty."

He hurriedly departed.

While Dora stood waiting, all in a tremble, with her eyes—which could see nothing now for the blur that had come before them—cast down, she heard a glass set down heavily, a chair shoved back from one of the tables, and a stealthy footstep approaching.

Just as she had succeeded in raising her eyes and clearing the film that obscured them, an agitated voice said close in her ear:

"For God's sake, how did *you* find your way to this wretched hole?"

She turned suddenly upon the speaker, so surprised and startled that she nearly cried out.

"Tom Marvel, is it you?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I."

She stood staring at him. And so did Mrs. Raynham. But the latter recovered her self-possession soonest.

"I'm glad of it," she said. "Tom, we have come for Victor. Do you go this instant and find him for us."

"Hush!" whispered Tom. He glanced anxiously round, and then added:

"You don't know where you are, madam. You are in danger here. Come away directly, and I will let you out."

"We cannot leave the house without Victor," said Dora, firmly.

"Good God! In one minute more it will be too late. Oh, come, come with me! You can wait in the street, outside. I will send Victor to you directly."

Dora turned very pale, but said, without stirring from her tracks:

"What is the danger? I think I am brave enough to meet it. Tell it me."

Tom glanced backward to the table he had just left. His late companions had left off drinking, and were already regarding the two strange women suspiciously.

"Who've you got there, Tom?" asked one.

"Friends," he answered cheerfully. "Don't you be too inquisitive."

A loud laugh followed this reply. Under cover of it, Tom added hastily, in a low but earnest tone of voice:

"You see! I can't keep them away much longer. You're in the secret haunt of some of the most desperate of the river thieves. Nobody leaves this house alive."

"And yet my son comes here," moaned Mrs. Raynham.

"He comes to see the captain, and nobody dares molest him on that account. But they won't have any scruples so far as you are concerned. Come away directly, and I will let you out. I couldn't stand by and see *you* come to harm, Miss Dora. You know why; and if no other reason existed, I could not help proving my gratitude for what you did for me when I was compelled to flee from Roundwood. Here, take my arm, and we'll be out of this in a jiffy."

But Dora hesitated still, and while she hesitated it was already too late.

The men began to rise from the tables, and at the same instant a door at the lower end of the room opened and Victor Raynham came hurrying towards them.

He looked pale, frightened, distressed. As he came nearer he said in a sharp whisper:

"Mother! Dora! oh, why are you here?"

"We followed *you*," answered Mrs. Raynham, reproachfully.

At that a groan burst from him. He struck his clenched hand violently against his brow.

"Oh, why was I ever born to bring all this trouble on those who love me?"

Dora touched his arm. "Will you go home with us?" she whispered.

"Only too gladly—if I can."

"What do you mean?"

"I may not be permitted to go under the circumstances—or you either. Oh, in God's name, why were you so mad as to come?"

He now wrung his hands violently. "You idiot," snarled Tom, "why don't you bolt with the women at once? It's the only way you can ever hope to get them out of this."

"I know it."

He turned desperately, a strange fire kindling in his eyes. "It will go hard with the man who tries to bar our way out," he hissed between his teeth.

The situation was now desperate. The men and women had surrounded the little party by this time, and the possibilities of beating a safe retreat were rapidly growing less.

"Spies!" shouted a furious voice. "These women have no business here. They were sent by the police."

"Mayhap by Sergeant O'Brien himself," suggested another.

"Nab 'em!" "Kill 'em!" "Don't let 'em leave this place alive!" were the cries now to be heard on every hand.

Victor stood up pale and stern, with his back to his mother and Dora, and his face turned upon the angry miscreants.

"Stand off!" he said. "These women are here for no ill purpose. Not one of you has anything to fear from them, now or hereafter. But the first man who lays a finger on them dies on the spot!"

There was no bravado in his voice or manner—nothing save an iron resolution to protect these two loving, foolish creatures with his heart's best blood if it must come to that."

There was a moment's pause, and a sullen murmur ran round the room.

"He ain't armed," said one, presently. "And what if he should be? We're more than a match for a man who must fight single-handed. 'Sides, we've our rights and liberties to defend."

"Ay, that we have," was chorused in response.

Tom Marvel, who had stood panting near the door, for the few last minutes, now stepped to Victor's side, and quickly bared his arms.

"Count me in with Raynham," he cried, "I know he has spoken the truth about these women. And one of them tried to save *me*, not so very long since, when I saw the doors of a prison gaping before me. I'm not a dog that I can't return a good deed in kind. And so you'll have to step over my body, too, before you can harm these helpless creatures."

There was another silence, after this speech, which was presently broken by the voice of a new comer.

"What's up?" it said. "What's the row, here?"

Mrs. Raynham heard that voice, and she started back, and put up her hands before her face, half-unconsciously, at the same time uttering a low moan of pain.

Dora cried out sharply. There, right before her, with his evil eyes trying to penetrate the veil she wore, she saw Miles Rugby!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Here is a "personal" advertisement in a French newspaper: "Eliza, you can return to the house; the boil on my nose is gone."

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XLIX.

UNEXPECTED RETRIBUTION.

Wil had, it seems, been exceedingly fortunate in his trip to Molton. He had not only discovered old Phillis Blythedale, but had elicited from her most important information, and all the evidence necessary to prove which of the two twins, Guy and Gray Luttrell, was the elder. Some difficulty in finding old Phillis having at the outset arisen, Tib had telegraphed to Meggy, who fortunately happened to be at the gate of Mark Jarrett's villa, when the telegraphic messenger arrived. She set out for Molton without a second's loss of time, and the moment she saw Wil, she gave him, of course, a very animated account of Abel Stoke's insult to Daisy, driving him thereby almost out of his senses. She further told him that old Martin Stoke had gone down to Mark Jarrett's Grange, to obtain documents which would prove that Daisy was not Mark Jarrett's daughter, but who she really and truly was.

Wil, after this, despatched Meggy and her grandmother to London, and, attended by Tib, set out full speed for the Grange, to secure old Martin Stoke before he left it.

It happened, as it turned out most fortunately, that as a matter of sentiment, he turned rather out of his path on his way to it, to cast his eyes over a tract of country which had so deep and lasting an interest for him, and while recalling to his memory the events which but for the interposition of Mark Jarret's Daisy would have involved his mother's destruction, he suddenly beheld like a phantom her preserver appear in distracted flight; followed, he quickly saw, by a man whom Tib at once, with an expletive of considerable force, named.

What followed we have seen.

It was not long ere Daisy opened her eyes and fastened them upon the loving face of Wil. Nor was it very much later that they rode into the shrubbery of the Grange together, attended by Tib only, for it turned out that while Abel Stoke lay like one dead upon the ground, Tib's horse, startled by a large bird, took flight, and on the spur of the moment Tib mounted Abel Stoke's panting horse, pursued and recovered him; but when he returned to the spot where he had left Abel Stoke lying, he could not find him. He had vanished, and left no trace behind him.

Tib, therefore, at once followed with a led horse, his master, and Daisy, who were already on their way to the Grange.

In the dark old building itself it was evident to both the latter, on their arrival, that some commotion was going on within, for the few servants still retained there were moving about in confusion, with a dazed expression on their faces, and they had advanced only a few paces in the hall when they were confronted by Mark Jarrett, who, rather to Daisy's surprise, without displaying his usual intemperate passion, advanced to her, and took her by the hand, only his grip was a tight one, and had the character of anything but a friendly authority.

Towards Wil he assumed a cold, lofty demeanor, and in frigid tones said to him, as he turned away, leading Daisy, though she yielded to him decidedly against her inclinations—

"Follow me, Mr. Rokeby."

Wil obeyed him, curbing his hot, impetuous temper for the sake of Daisy; but he did not intend to throw away the information he had obtained at Molton, nor to go back to London without Daisy, if he could help it. But if he were compelled to do this, he believed that he had acquired enough evidence to bring forward those who had the right to claim her as their own, and to constrain Mark Jarrett to yield her up, and all future control over her.

When they entered the chamber in which Mark Jarrett had been wont to transact all his business, and to pass much of his time, Mark bade Daisy be seated, and she complied, but took a chair which was by a window, and enabled her to obtain a view of the pinnacles and turrets of Fairholme Priors.

Mark observed this with a dark frown, and a tinge of red appeared upon his forehead.

"Daisy," he exclaimed, in a sharp, harsh tone, "shut out that building from your mind as well as your eyes. Henceforth you must yield implicit obedience to me, see with my vision, think with my brain, act only as I shall direct, for the time has come at last when I will make known to you the true reason why for the time to come you are bound by my authority. *I am your father!*"

As if he had expected that she would spring up and fling herself into his arms, he spread them open to receive her; but she did not respond. Nay, her head drooped, and a perceptible shudder ran through her frame.

He bit his lip hardly, folded his arms tightly, and frowning, uttered a harsh laugh.

"So," he exclaimed, gutturally, "the news is, I suppose, discounted, and it is not regarded as a fortunate event. Daisy, listen to me, and let my explanation, brief as it will be, weigh well with you. You have already acknowledged that I have earned your gratitude, and you must confess that, in spite of infirmities of temper, and a peculiar whim in the direction of your education, I have acted with a tender consideration to you always."

"I do confess it," she exclaimed, with unaffected candor, "and shall ever, without reserve."

"But you take my announcement to you with a cold immobility which scarcely agrees with that confession," he pursued, sharply; "perhaps because I have so long kept you in ignorance of the truth, though I have very often believed that you more than surmised it. But I have had reasons of the most powerful kind; and when I tell you that the name of your mother has never passed my lips to you, and will never even in so vague a term do so again, you may consider, nay, convince yourself that it was out of the most delicate consideration for your pure mind and heart, and for the unsullied character of your future position, that I have kept this secret from you, and shall continue to keep it a secret even when the time may come when I shall lift you to the proud position of being the wife of a duke, as well as the daughter of an earl."

He turned to Wil, who stood near to him, fretting with feverish impatience—

"I trust to your honor as a gentleman, Mr. Rokeby," he said, in a grand tone, "to preserve this secret, which you have been permitted to hear, in order that you may at once forego all claim to the hand of my Daisy. I do not pretend to know anything of romantic sentiment or poetical vagaries of the imagination. There may be such a thing as love at first sight, and it is not impossible that you two young people have been attacked by it. Your first appearance here was certainly in the character of a knight errant, and you may even on this present occasion have performed some exploit for which the young lady is exceedingly grateful—"

"Mr. Rokeby saved me at a moment when my life was in imminent peril from the hands of Abel Stoke," exclaimed Daisy, readily, and with undisguised gratitude.

"Abel Stoke!" he muttered, between his locked teeth. "I will settle with him shortly." Then, addressing Wil again, he said, in the same elevated strain, "You are a brave and gallant young gentleman, no doubt, and for those acts I thank you most deeply; but were they ten times as valuable as they have been—were my obligations a thousandfold deeper to you than they are—you must banish from your mind all thoughts of my Daisy forever."

"It is impossible," cried Wil, impetuously. "I will sooner part with my life."

"You must then part with your life," immediately rejoined Mark, losing his dignified manner. "I hate your father with a venomous rancor nothing can satisfy. I abhor your mother with a loathing hatred I have no power to describe. I loved her more passionately than you ever can the child who sits there; but she tricked me, jilted me, trailed my heart after her as if it were a rag, and trampled on it in the dust with scornful jeers. For this I will never forgive her, and for this I would sooner slay you than you should have my daughter."

"But I assert that Daisy is not your daughter," exclaimed Wil, in heated tones; "and, therefore, hate my family as you may, you have neither the authority nor the power to control the disposal of her hand."

Mark Jarrett waved his hand furiously, and pointed to the door.

"Leave me while I have my temper in hand," he exclaimed, in his throat. "I have treated you temperately till now. Do not compel me to have you ignominiously expelled hence."

"I have obtained very valuable evidence from old Phillis Blythedale, upon which I have been acting and shall continue to act," responded Wil, firmly. "On our way to the Grange, after I had disposed of that rascal your servant, I communicated to Daisy what I am convinced is the fact—namely, that she is the daughter of my mother's sister, your brother Gray Luttrell's much injured wife."

"It is false!" roared Mark, with ungovernable fury. "If I thought that she were the daughter of a wretch so depraved as that, I would cause her to be whipped from beneath this roof by my grooms. Go; search for that wench in the proud Rokeby halls. My Daisy is here—my child—mine—and no fabricated evidence can disprove it."

"No fabricated evidence, Mr. Guy Luttrell," interposed a voice suddenly, "but evidence as can't be broken or shaken."

All turned round to behold old Martin Stoke in the room, and by his side Joyse Stoke, wearing a most determined expression on her countenance.

Mark Jarrett glared at him like a tiger.

"What now, you old fool?" he cried savagely. "Out of the room—out of my sight! Do not rouse me to a frenzy, for, at least you know the result."

"I do, and dare it," answered the old man, doggedly. "The years which God and nature can grant me are few, and when they will have to hold the recollections of the shameful things I have done for you I do not care how soon the end come. But there be a time for repentance for the worst sinner, and mine have come. Ay, Guy Luttrell, and yours may, you know not how soon."

"Do not cant to me, you old dotard!" yelled Mark Jarrett, passionately. "Away with you, or I will fling you headlong down yonder flight of stairs!"

"Not while I am here, Master Mark Jarrett," interposed Joyse Stoke, suddenly producing a large knife. "We came here to have justice done, and we mean to have it. I am no lamb, you know, when my blood is up."

Mark Jarrett gazed at her in speechless rage, and, for the instant, seemed as if he would have sprung upon her to hurl her from the room; but the knife operated as a caution. He, however, strode to a bell, and rang it furiously.

Joyse Stoke made a scornful gesture with her hand.

"I don't do things by halves," she exclaimed, with a scornful laugh. "There bain't one o' your people within a mile o' you."

Mark Jarrett seemed to be sufficiently well acquainted with this woman, and to comprehend the hard smile on old Martin's features, to believe her statement, and he said, with a frown—

"If this be so, I can better afford to wait than you. Remain both of you at your peril."

"Ay," said old Martin Stoke, in husky tones, "and you listen."

Then he turned to Daisy, and said, in slightly tremulous tones—

"Sweet young lady, I pray you, when you shall know all, to pardon me and pray for me a sinner. I have done all I can in the way of reparation, and I think the sun of happiness will shine on those whose peace has so long been blighted by the wickedness of this man, who be as much your father as I be."

Mark made a movement as if he would spring upon his throat; but Joyse thrust him back, and her knife glistened in his eyes.

"Be silent, and listen. I have no compunction for you," she muttered, between her teeth. "Be still, and listen."

Mark grated his teeth together; but he stood still, and listened.

Old Martin Stoke, with the solemnity and manner of an old minstrel reciting a legend, resumed what he had so penitentially commenced.

"The quarrels between Guy Luttrell and his brother Gray arose out of the badness of yon man's heart. He could not bear to see his brother happy with one young and lovely, who shrank from him as if he were a reptile, and he made up a scheme to separate them, which succeeded. I helped to do it all. I have sent to Mr. Rokeby, your father, sir," he added, turning to Wil, "all the papers and evidence which will unfold the plot, and prove the poor lady, Mistress Gray Luttrell, to have been cruelly and wickedly belied, and I mean to go to him myself."

A growl of frantic rage burst from the lips of Mark Jarrett; but Joyse with her knife once more interposed, and he moved away, pacing the room, chafing with unsuppressed anger.

"When the poor lady was carried off from her husband by a stratagem," continued old Martin, forcing out his words, for he was deeply excited "the two twin babes left behind by the nurse were stolen by me, and I placed them with a woman who, after she had had them a short time in her care, one morning missed one of them from her bed—she swore she didn't know how. I took the other away——"

"And it died!" cried Mark Jarrett, "Did you not promise me to take her child" pointing contemptuously at Joyse Stoke "under my instructions, to Mr. Rokeby, of Fairholme Priors; but that turning out to be a boy you substituted for it a female child, which you had procured from a workhouse?"

"I told you so," returned old Martin, sternly; "but it was not the truth. This is. Your lady wife ran away from you and deserted her child, a little baby girl. It was that child I took to Mr. Rokeby's, for I thought it should not suffer for its parents' faults, and I was sure he would bring it up a lady. Miss Gabrielle Luttrell, of Fairholme Priors, is your daughter."

"It is a lie," growled Mark Jarrett, with frantic savagery.

"Miss Daisy is one of the twin daughters of your brother, Mr. Gray," almost screamed old Martin. "I've proved it beyond question to Mr. Rokeby, and he will act. Joyse's boy was brought up here as her nephew, and you knew it."

"My nephew," cried Joyse, in a piercing tone. "What, gran'ther, you will not—cannot be so cruel as to say that my child is Abel Stoke?"

"Is Abel Stoke!" exclaimed the old man, emphatically."

"Abel Stoke—Abel Stoke is here!" exclaimed that individual, abruptly staggering into the room, with a face hideously blanched. "Abel Stoke, with his throat full of poison, which he kept by him for a rainy day," he growled gutturally.

He turned his ghastly face to Daisy, but clung to a chair, while all present gazed upon him with horrified eyes, for they saw his complexion changing to a livid hue.

"Miss Daisy—Miss Daisy," he gasped, huskily, "I loved you as I never loved myself—as I never loved anything in the mortal world. I cannot have you, that I know, and I cannot live without you, so I have drunk poison. But I have sworn that if you bain't mine you shall be no other man's. I'll take you along of me—and I'll have my revenge of *him!*"

Before any thought of his design could be flashed through the brain of any one present, he suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and fired point blank at Daisy, and then he turned and fired at Mark Jarrett.

Joyse Stoke sprang on him, and forcing the pistol from his hand, hurled him to the ground, where he lay like a corpse. With a horrible apprehension she turned her eyes toward Daisy, and beheld her locked in the arms of Wil, safe and uninjured; but Mark Jarrett lay stretched on the ground with an ugly wound in his breast.

CHAPTER L.

THE MEETING OF PARTED STREAMS.

As if to prove that the prayers of the virtuous are regarded, the fair young Geraldine had, as we have seen, barely declared her intention that the brightness of her mother's unjustly sullied name should be restored, that she should be reinstated in her husband's and her children's love, than Mrs. Rokeby, attended by Lord Belvoir, appeared to respond to it.

Respond to it, for Mrs. Rokeby, having regarded for an instant the young, shrinking, surprised girl with a look of intense wonder as well as amazed recognition, she turned quickly to Mrs. Loraine, who was receding from her timidly, as if with the intention of quitting the room quietly and unobserved.

With eager eyes she scanned her features, but as Mrs. Loraine still retreated, she caught her by the arm and detained her, saying, slowly—

"One word, if you please."

Again she perused her features with a sharp, anxious scrutiny, and then with ardent vivacity she flung her arms about her shoulders and pressed her to her heart, exclaiming, in a voice choked with sobs—

"Fay! Fay! sweet Fay! My own dear, dear sister Fay. Your disguise does not deceive me."

Mrs. Loraine, or, as we may now justly call her, Mrs. Gray Luttrell, wept hysterically for some time at this, as it was natural she should. She had for many long years been separated from all whom she had loved and esteemed, had been hurled by wicked machinations from kindred, home and position, and now the barriers which had kept her harshly back from them appeared at an entirely unexpected moment to be cast down, and the gloom, the sorrow, the horror, with which she had been enveloped and enmeshed, to be chased away by the sunshine of a coming happiness, the advent of that justice which had been so long denied her.

Mrs. Rokeby lavished her caresses and kisses upon her cold cheek, her eyelids, her lips. She spoke to her in tender, loving, soothing words, and at length "Fay," clinging to her, caressing her, passionately too, sobbed forth—

"You did not, you do not believe the cruel things which were said of me, Blanche?"

"I never did, my darling sister," she replied, with earnestness. "Never for an instant. You should have tried me, you should have made me your confidante, your friend as well as sister. I would have stood by you firmly through your storm and trial, and even after that, had all the world fallen away from you, I would have kept my place beside you to the last, my own Fay, for do I not know your incorruptibility?"

"You do not know with what skillful artifice I was completely surrounded," returned Mrs. Luttrell, excitedly. "You do not know how I was beset at every turn by stratagems; you cannot conceive how I was apparently compromised by contrivances which I did not detect, nor in my inexperienced innocence mistrust. The persecutions of a villain I repelled with scorn, but feared to disclose them to Gray, whom I knew loved me without a qualification, because of his hasty, impetuous nature. I was but too well aware that a word from me would have occasioned a duel, and I loved Gray too dearly to permit him to endanger his life for me. At last, when all the devices had done their work, and the plot was ripe, I was lured by a letter, a very close imitation of your handwriting, to a spot which was named in the note, where it stated you wished to disclose to me some matters of a grave, startling and important nature. I was there seized, forced into a carriage, and conveyed to a private lunatic asylum, and released from thence only to find that my name and reputation had been destroyed, my husband's heart alienated from me, my home shut against me, and my babes put away, I could not discover where.

"Then I became insane indeed, and recovered only to find myself an outcast, and to be furnished with the details by which I had been thus utterly ruined—details which, when I examined them, appeared to leave me completely hopeless. Gray, I was informed, had perished by his own hands, my babes had died for want of common attention in a miserable hut somewhere in the country, and the faces and minds, the hearts and the doors of all who were related to me, or who had known and esteemed me, were closed against me for ever. Withal, I had faith in the immutable justice of almighty heaven; I remembered my pride, my vanity, my thoughtless folly, which made me but too often believe that I was upon a pinnacle of illimitable happiness, of unassailable wealth and security. Alas! I saw how I had been hurled from it at a moment, unprepared and powerless to avert it. Therefore, I humbled myself—I prayed and I watched, for I knew that after all, I had been guilty of frivolity at the worst, and my faith in the justice of my Creator led me to trust that ere the end came truth would prevail, and my sky of gloom and misery would be cleared of its clouds, and some rays of sunny happiness at last granted to me."

"You were still unwise, at least, not to have tried me, Fay," exclaimed Mrs. Rokeby, kissing her pale face again and again. "You might have known that I would have championed you against the world. You would have saved me from a prolonged anguish, and how much of suffering you would have spared yourself."

"Events which are imminent will prove you justified in your impressions and in your vaticinations," observed Lord Belvoir to Mrs. Luttrell, with a gratified smile. "You know me, Fay, I doubt not—did, in fact, I am sure, recognize me, when from information that I had received, as the detectives say, I discovered your retreat, and engaged you to play the part of a maternal counsellor and guide to your own child."

He pointed to Geraldine as he spoke.

The young, delighted girl, with dancing eyes, with happy smiles, with flushed cheeks and tremulous lips, entwined her mother in her warm embrace, and caressed her with every symbol of intense affection.

"I, too, was never, never deceived in you from the first moment you were introduced to me," she exclaimed, with unaffected happiness beaming in her smiling eyes. "You too closely resembled the picture which Mr. Scarsdale had pointed out to me as the portrait of my mother, for me to remain a moment in doubt."

"My portrait?" repeated Mrs. Luttrell, with a pleased look.

"Oh, yes," returned Geraldine, quickly. "The painting he loved so much to look upon. Often, when he knew not I was observing him, I have seen him stand before it and address it in piteous tones, wring his hands, and weep like a boy. Then he would gnash his teeth, and stamp and rave, and throw himself into such paroxysms of ungovernable fury, that I used to flee away affrighted. Oh, when he knows that you are living, and here with him beneath his own roof, my loving monitress as well as my own darling mother, how overjoyed he will be!"

"Not yet," interposed Lord Belvoir, with a grave look. "I have for years, in the interest of my cousin Fay, and to redeem the honor of the family name, which, through the vile plots of the villain, his brother Guy, has been so grievously tarnished, worked to unravel the detestable scheme which has caused so much unhappiness. I have nearly succeeded in my efforts, but the time for this latest and all important disclosure has not yet arrived, and until then I shall ask you, Mrs. Loraine—for I must request you for the present to retain that assumed name and for special reasons to take up your abode with your sister, Mrs. Rokeby, until, having proved you to have been foully maligned, and now as spotless in the purity of your character as when you gave your hand to your husband at the altar, I can present you to him and say, 'Take her to your heart with all the faith in her innocence and unsullied truth which you cherished and believed ere you were so ruthlessly parted.'"

"I am in your hands, Blanche," sighed Mrs. Luttrell, looking into her sister's eyes with an eager questioning.

"I came here to take you away with me, whether you will or no, Fay," laughed Mrs. Rokeby with much animation. "I mean to introduce you to my Al, in company with Belvoir here, of whom I am sure he is jealous. How ashamed I will make him feel!"

"But I cannot be left behind here alone," suggested Geraldine, with a look of alarm.

"No, my love; I have a claim on you, and shall take charge of you for a time," returned Mrs. Rokeby, smiling and patting her cheek gently. "You remember that you denied me at the opera, do you not?"

"I did not remember ever to have seen you before," returned Geraldine, apologetically; "if I had only known—"

"Ah! you see how we Rokebys return kindness for cold reserve," rejoined Mrs. Rokeby, archly. "You were very nearly drowned in the Kennet, and my boy Wil saved you—it was you?"

"Oh, yes; I am scarcely yet recovered from the effects of that frightful danger," replied Geraldine, with blushing emotion, "and believe me, dear Mrs. Rokeby, that I am very, very deeply grateful to Mr. Bertie Rokeby, for his fearless bravery in rescuing me—I—I—wished very much to tell him so—but—but I was debarred—rather strangely and unkindly from the opportunity."

"You shall see him, and thank Wil, not Bertie, for yourself. I have no doubt we shall find he has returned from his trip to Derbyshire when we gain the mansion," replied Mrs. Rokeby.

"But his name is Bertie," persisted Geraldine, with a little solicitude, pulling unconsciously some fringe on her dress to bits.

"No—Wilfred!" rejoined Mrs. Rokeby. "You shall see him, and that will settle your doubts."

"Mr. Scarsdale is absent at Templecombe," observed Lord Belvoir, with a significant smile; "there is nothing to interfere with the propriety of your accompanying your newly-recovered mamma to the Rokeby mansion, and when Scarsdale returns do not fear but I will prove to him that his daughter is in good hands."

"I am as good as a witch!" laughed Geraldine, clapping her hands. "This is no surprise to me—I have been sure of it ever since I have been a little child."

Some little time farther was absorbed in interchanges and explanations, and then preparations for the departure to Rokeby mansion were made.

Upon their arrival there, they found the household in a state of agitation and bustle, and a condition of affairs which completely disarranged the programme they had made on their way.

Wil had returned home with very surprising news. He was with his father in his study, engaged in the discussion of very important matters, and with them were Bertie Rokeby, an aged couple, and several other persons in addition. Lord Belvoir, learning that old Martin Stoke and Titus Vink were of the party, announced his intention of joining the conference, assured that the Templecombe estates and title and correlative subjects were the objects of their deliberation, therefore matters in the discussion of which it was his duty to take part.

When he had left them, Mrs. Rokeby, anxious to have a confidential communing with her sister alone, ushered Geraldine into her own charming little boudoir, and bade her amuse herself with the objects she would find there until she was rejoined by her mother and herself.

Mrs. Rokeby had but very recently been made aware of the strange and unaccountable absence of Gabrielle. She expected every hour, as it were, to have an explanation of its meaning, and until she did she ordered her suite of rooms to be kept intact. Under any circumstances, however, she would not, as yet, have introduced Geraldine to her, and she carried out that view by not even placing her in one of her apartments.

Geraldine, thus left alone on the threshold of the door, entered the room, and found it a little paradise of elegance, ease, and comfort. It seemed all mirrors, windows, laces, pictures, tables, luxurious chairs, ottomans, and downy-cushioned couches, and it overlooked gardens laid out with wondrous skill and beauty.

With a light step she advanced towards a table in the centre of the room, on which were spread many a dainty and valuable article of fancy and *vertu*, but her step was arrested by a soft exclamation like a cry of startled wonder. She turned quickly to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and beheld herself as in a mirror.

Instinctively she looked behind her for a full-length glass, and sure enough there was one, but it imaged the reflection of her back, and as she glanced before her again she beheld the same object—a counterpart of herself looking upon her with quite as much amazement as she was herself betraying.

A living counterpart, dressed, if not precisely, very similar to herself, in garments of the same hue. Angelic innocence and guilelessness does not prevent feminine seraphs from knowing what color and the shade that suits their complexion best. Her hair descended in a wavy fall like her own; her eyes, her brows, her nose, lips, all her features were as like her own as those she had seen reflected in a glass.

It was clear that the same thoughts were passing through the mind of the young lady who confronted her, and it was equally evident that both had Miranda's words, when she first saw Ferdinand, on their lips, "Is it a spirit?"

The survey which each took of the other was very close, very scrutinizing, and very quick, yet long enough, if they followed the traditions of their sex, to be able afterwards to describe everything they had on. That was not, however, the point which occupied their puzzled brains, and each simultaneously turned their eyes to the door, as if expecting to see some one there who would introduce them, state who they were, and place them at ease with each other.

But there was no one visible. Mrs. Rokeby, quite ignorant that the room was tenanted, had closed the door behind Geraldine, leaving her, as she supposed, quite alone, although she had, as a piece of innocent mischief, got it in her mind to send Wil to have an interview with her, in order to receive the thanks she was so anxious to offer him.

Both saw that they were alone together, and it flashed through the minds of the pair at the same instant, that they had been brought together and left together with a purpose.

They advanced somewhat instinctively nearer to each other under the impression, and looked eagerly and earnestly into the depths of each other's eyes.

Both smiled, and both said to themselves—

"What lovely eyes! What a very sweet smile!"

Presently the young lady who was in possession when Geraldine entered the chamber, said, in a low, charmingly musical voice—

"Pardon me, have I not seen you before? Have we not met somewhere?"

"If we have," responded Geraldine, timidly, "it must have been in a dream. Your face seems to me as familiar as my own—yet if I have even seen you it could have been only in some lovely vision in my sleep."

"How very pretty! How very delightful!" she exclaimed, and after a moment's hesitation, added, "May I ask your name?"

"My surname?" returned Geraldine, a slight shade passing over her face, uncertain, although she had just learned it, whether she was as yet at liberty to reveal it.

"Yes;" was the reply.

With a sudden flush on her cheek, and with a little rebellious bit of pride which made her for the moment regardless of consequences, she answered—

"My name is—Luttrell—but—but I think I ought to keep it secret just now."

A shade passed over the face of her companion too when she heard this, and a hot tinge of rose tint mantled her cheek.

"I—I—think that is my name, too," she responded, with evident embarrassment, "and I believe I also ought to keep it unmentioned for the present, because of a secret—"

"Is there a mystery about you?" interrupted Geraldine, eagerly.

"Yes," responded her counterpart, with a slight confusion.

"How nice," rejoined Geraldine, with a sigh. "So there is about me—a very great mystery."

"Luttrell," repeated the other, half musingly, and looking wistfully in Geraldine's face. "How strange it would be if we should prove to be related."

"It would be very surprising," she returned, with glistening eyes. "What is your Christian name? Mine is Geraldine."

"My name is Daisy—at least, that is the name by which I have been known all my life," answered Mark Jarrett's Daisy, for she it was, as may have been guessed.

"Daisy! Daisy!" repeated Geraldine, quickly, remembering that she had heard that name on a memorable occasion. "How droll! Surely you are not the Wild Flower of Hazelbrook?"

Daisy inclined her head affirmatively.

"Why this is wonderful! Would you think it, Mr. Rokeby once mistook me for you—that is clear."

"Mr. Wilfred Rokeby?" interrogated Daisy, quickly, with a very grave expression on her face.

"No—his papa," returned Geraldine, pressing her hands together, "not his son. No—he saved my life," she added, with a sigh and a look as much as to intimate that she was quite prepared to part with her own for him.

Daisy thought so, too, for blood rose to her cheeks and forehead, and then vanished, leaving her as white as marble.

"He saved my life, too," she forced through her teeth, and looked at Geraldine as disagreeable as it was in her sweet nature to look.

Then a thought flashed through her mind, and she caught Geraldine by the wrist, and looked her with a piercing examination in the face.

"You—you, then, are the beautiful young lady whom he saved from drowning in the river Kennet?" she said, eagerly.

Geraldine smiled, and looked rosy.

"Yes! oh, yes! Oh, it was so brave, so gallant, so noble of him. How can I ever be grateful enough to him?" she exclaimed, with what Daisy fancied was rather an excess of thankfulness.

"By giving him your heart, perhaps," she suggested, with a faint tinge of sarcasm in her tone.

She thought that it was at least unkind of Wil that he had never mentioned this event after he had rescued her from Abel Stoke. Not on their ride to the Grange, nor since—no, not once.

"It would not be an equivalent," Geraldine rejoined, a little pensively; and added, in a voice which seemed to intimate that she should be an epitome of wretchedness if she prophesied correctly, "Perhaps he would not care to accept it."

We are sorry to say that Daisy in her heart said—

"I pray not."

Almost simultaneously a new light seemed to flash across her brain. Examining the features once again with a searching and still bewildering scrutiny, she interrogated, excitedly—

"Pray did not upon one occasion a young and fashionable lady—the Honorable Miss Lois Gray—address you, believing she was speaking to me?"

"Such a circumstance did occur at the Countess of Rockliffe's reception on one occasion," responded Geraldine, with eyes fascinated by Daisy's loveliness; "but such a decided mistake was a compliment to me; and now I see I ought to have been much gratified, instead of being as I was, not only surprised, but troubled—as, indeed, the young lady appeared to be."

"I see—I see through this marvel now," exclaimed Daisy, with trembling agitation, pressing her temples and then her heart. "If it should but prove what I fancy, what I hope, what I pray may be the truth!" She bent her eyes on Geraldine's sweet face again with an anxious expression on her own. "You have borne the name of Vane, have you not?" she inquired.

"Yes, since my arrival in London—until I recently learned that my name is Luttrell; but you will not reveal that, will you?" responded Geraldine, beginning to edge closer and closer to Daisy, and to yearn, she knew not why, to take her in her arms and fondle her lovingly.

Daisy smiled faintly.

"It is my own secret," she returned, in an undertone, and with a shade of her secret anxiety clouding her features. "I shall preserve it carefully until the hour comes when it will be acknowledged by others, and I can bear it proudly. I have, however, further to weary you by my questions."

"No, not weary me. I so love to hear your voice—it seems to thrill me through and through with joy!" interposed Geraldine, stealing her hand towards Daisy's, and taking it timidly in her own.

"You resided, I think, at Dovedale some time ago?" pursued Daisy, with unconcealed interest.

"Yes," replied Geraldine, frankly; "very near to the banks of the Dove. I used to be very fond of wandering on the banks of that leaping, laughing, flashing river."

"You were called the Naiad of the Dove?" suggested Daisy, rather archly.

A blush mounted to Geraldine's temples.

"Scarcely any one ever saw me there!" she murmured, with downcast eyes.

"One!" observed Daisy, emphatically.

Geraldine swung Daisy's hand gently to and fro. She pressed, almost pinched, her small knuckles, and played with her fingers; but she remained silent.

"There was one," pressed Daisy; watching her expressive features closely; "one whose name is Mr. Bertie Rokeby."

The roseate color on the face of Geraldine became deeper and deeper still.

"You *do* know Mr. Bertie Rokeby?" urged Daisy, intensely anxious that her own surmises should prove correct.

"Oh, yes!" returned Geraldine, raising her eyes to Daisy's brilliant countenance, and letting them fall again. "He saved my life from the waters of the Kennet, you know."

"No!" returned Daisy, with a sigh of relief; "your preserver was Wil—Wilfred Rokeby."

"That is quite the same thing," returned Geraldine, with a sigh.

"Oh, dear me, no—gracious, no!" ejaculated Daisy, ventoring a smile, not, however, quite satisfied yet that it was safe to do so.

Geraldine pouted her lip slightly.

"I know better than you, my dear," she responded; "indeed, I ought to. You must believe me; and I do not want you to thwart me, or cross me, or contradict me, for I feel that I already love you much, and I want you to reciprocate."

Daisy instantly kissed her on both cheeks.

"Perhaps we are cousins," she said, hopefully. "I do wish so earnestly that it may turn out so; therefore, I do not wish to contradict, or cross, or vex you in any way; but on the contrary, I desire that we should agree in everything, especially in this; that Mr. Wil Rokeby saved your life—that I know to be true; but it was Mr. Bertie Rokeby who saw you at Dovedale, and who termed you the Naiad of the Dove—Mr. Bertie Rokeby who met you at the Countess of Rockliffe's reception—but it was Mr. Wilfred who swam to you in the Kennet, and brought you to land."

Geraldine smiled, and shook her head with a very positive gesture.

"As if I could be deceived!" she exclaimed, emphatically. "I who had his face depicted indelibly on my memory before that horror in the river; and after that do you suppose I could forget it?"

"Have you seen him since?" demanded Daisy, with equal energy.

"No!" returned Geraldine, unhesitatingly. "I hope to see him, however, very soon, and here, to thank him with all the gratitude I can force into my words and looks."

"Looks!" echoed Daisy, with a slight flush and a slight cough. "Perhaps it will be discreet to control your glances until—"

She paused abruptly, for some one entered the room, and as her quick eyes took in his form a brightened, laughing expression, elfish in its look of mischief, passed over her features, and she raised her finger to the intruder with a gesture which implied that she did not desire that he should speak until she gave him permission.

It was only an instant, for Geraldine as well saw the new-comer, and her face brightened too, crimsoned brilliantly, and paled to alabaster as she turned it to him. Her rich, large eyes in an instant filled with tears as she stretched out both her hands to him, her lips trembled and she tried to say something to him; but articulation was denied to her, and in the fulness of her deep gratitude, in the earnestness of her supreme thankfulness, and in the entire guilelessness of her simple, unaffected nature she placed her hands upon his shoulder—Daisy fancied round his neck—and hid her face on his breast, quite perplexing and amazing him for the moment, and as Daisy's eyes, looking larger than was their wont, were fastened upon him, quite bewildering him.

This was a little passage of arms upon which Daisy had not quite counted, and as she fixed the gentleman with a spear-like glance, she said, even as little charming angels such as she can say at certain moments—

"Pray speak to the young lady, Mr. Rokeby. You cannot surely so soon have forgotten one whose life you saved?"

"I—I—do not forget her!" exclaimed Wil Rokeby, who was the gentleman in question, and who was undoubtedly confused, as he raised the young lady's reclining form to an erect position, "but you must allow for some overwhelming marvel. When I look upon you both I do not wonder now, having cause to impress your face deeply on my memory, that I should have mistaken this young lady for you. I never met with such a resemblance. I can scarcely believe my eyes as I look from one to the other."

"Nor I mine," exclaimed a voice wonderfully like Wil's in their immediate rear.

They all turned sharply round, and beheld Bertie Rokeby, who had entered there is no doubt with a most stealthy step, with his orbs expanded much beyond their usual size as he glanced rapidly from the face of Geraldine to Daisy, and back to Geraldine's sweet countenance.

Geraldine uttered a little scream as she looked upon the addition to their party, and her eyes went through the same process, alternating between the visages of Wil and Bertie, utterly perplexed.

"Here is the solution of an enigma at last," observed Daisy, quietly, as she turned to Geraldine. "Can you distinguish now between the solitary of Dovedale and the hero of the Kennet?"

Geraldine drew a deep inspiration of her breath, and drooped her head blushingly.

"Yes," she murmured, faintly.

"And you see," pursued Daisy, playfully, "that to be Mr. Bertie Rokeby is not quite the same thing as to be Mr. Wilfred Rokeby."

"O, yes!" she responded, quickly, but nearly inaudibly, "I see that now."

"We have all been deceived," remarked Bertie. "I certainly was, but after this I never can be again."

"Thank you," remarked Daisy, dropping a little courtesy, at which there was a slight laugh.

"Nor I now, nor ever again. Never! Never! Never!" exclaimed Wil with heartiness.

"Thank you," ejaculated Geraldine, plucking up heart, and dropping a courtesy too.

Again there was a laugh.

"I was only deceived for a few minutes," remarked Daisy, with a fond look on Wil's handsome face which she was unable to repress. "I was confused for a brief space by the striking resemblance, but—"

"There is only one Wil Rokeby," exclaimed Wil, mirthfully.

"And Bertie is his prophet," subjoined that gentleman, quickly.

"And I can certainly never be mistaken again," murmured Geraldine, stealing a sly look at Bertie's face.

"And do not wish to, I hope," he rejoined, taking her hand, and, a little forwardly, perhaps, raising it to his lips.

This act elicited a very loud exclamation of surprise from the doorway, which Bertie had left partially open when he entered, and it drew the attention of all to two fresh comers—Mrs. Rokeby and her sister, previously known as Mrs. Loraine.

But she was marvellously altered in her appearance. Mrs. Rokeby had made her banish her widow's cap, her wig of silver hair, her quiet and sober-hued garments, and had attired her as became her age and her real position.

The transformation was most extraordinary, for although there yet remained in her

colorless face the traces of sorrow and care, she yet looked as young as Mrs. Rokeby, even yet more beautiful, and quite charming enough to make her fittingly the mother of the two loving young girls gazing at her with tell-tale roses on their cheeks.

Poor Daisy was all unprepared for the introduction and the announcement Mrs. Rokeby made to her, and Wil and Bertie, at a sign from her, left her passionately embracing and embraced by the mother, whom she had never before known.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S IMPOTENCE.

She was the fairest gentlest thing
That ever bore the weight of pain;
To-day I laid her in her grave,
There where the west winds weep and rave.
My child thou shalt not weep again.

Oh! what is love that cannot shield,
Or spare its love a single woe!
Silent, I watched the deadly strife,
The world's great pain, and her young life,
And, helpless, could not ward the blow.

It was not in the open field
Of earthly pain and poverty,
For there her hand I could have led,
And held my shield above her head,
To save my little one, or die.

THE MAJOR.

"Bah!" said the old colonel. "Let her do as she pleases. Let her please herself. It is none of our business, sister Jacqueline."

This was what the colonel said, and this he persisted in saying whenever he was attacked on the subject of that dreadful Bella and her small wickednesses; but, then, everybody knew that the Colonel was very much prejudiced in favor of the fair delinquent, and, of course, it was not likely that he would be as severe as he ought to have been, under the circumstances.

Bella had done as she pleased, and had tyrannized over him ever since she glared at him a small, pink, day-old despot, done up in an embroidered bundle, and now she was nearly twenty-two years old, and there was every likelihood that she would do as she pleased, and tyrannize over him as long as he lived. It was not so hard to bear, either—the tyranny.

There were even persons who envied the old colonel, when his daughter domineered over him, and made him take her out riding, and forced herself into his private room for the express purpose of tumbling over his plans and compasses and, "instruments and things," as she called them. There were persons who would have very willingly stood in the old colonel's large embroidered slippers, if by doing so they could have been ordered about by that heartless Bella Rancerne, and scolded for being slow, and laughed at, and embraced into a pleasant sort of asphyxia. There were such persons, I say, but at the same time, frankness impels me to add that they were usually persons of the masculine gender, and also of susceptible temperament; and there were others who were proportionately severe upon the short-comings of the colonel's favorite.

Among the latter class stood the colonel's sister and housekeeper, Miss Jacqueline Rancerne, who had reigned supreme in the establishment for twenty years, and who was firmly convinced that nothing but her presence rescued the entire household from utter destruction. *She* did not approve of Bella; *she* did not flatter her; *she* did not encourage her *sinful* frivolities. Other people might be as weak-minded as they pleased ("other people" meant the colonel), but *she*, Miss Jacqueline, would retain full possession of her faculties, and favor her niece with the expression of a few wholesome truths occasionally. In accordance with which resolutions, she kept up a continual word war in the household, and helped poor, pretty, irascible Bella into various pitfalls and snares, which sadly interfered with her amiability of disposition, and set her not only upon the defensive, but very frequently upon the offensive.

"You are probably aware," began Miss Jacqueline to her niece, one morning, as both sat at the breakfast-table, "you are probably aware that your father's friend, Major MacWheedleton Dowlas, will arrive to-day?"

"Major who?" exclaimed Bella, opening her pretty eyes.

"Major MacWheedleton Dowlas," enunciated Miss Jacqueline, with some lofty asperity.

Bella sighed, with an expressive droop of her pretty shoulders.

"Poor man," she said.

"Poor man!" echoed Miss Jacqueline. "If it would not be too great labor for you to explain, I should really like to know why Major MacWheedleton Dowlas is to be pitied."

"Oh, Aunt Jack, dear—*please don't!*" implored Bella, wickedly. If there was one thing that roused her relative more than another, it was to be called "Aunt Jack."

"Don't!" she ejaculated, in her most reaping manner. "I really don't comprehend you, Miss Rancerne."

"Oh, yes you do," said Bella, sweetly, but coolly. "You know I mean don't be ramrodified. It is so ridiculous. You don't do *me* any good by being ramrodified, Aunt Jack, darling—so it seems to me that it is a sheer waste of energy to *be* it."

To say that Miss Jacqueline glared would be to describe her manner feebly. Any less irrepressible young lady than that heartless Bella would have been transfixed—absolutely transfixed—by the majestic severity of her eye; but Bella was not transfixable. There was a large pier-glass over the mantle, in which her great, lovely arch, gray eyes, and her lovely, clear complexion, were reflected, and she had the temerity to look across the table at them, and smile sweetly.

"Poor man!" she said, all the time regarding her own charming self, "what *were* his godfathers and godmothers thinking of in his baptism, wherein he was made Major MacWheedleton Dowlas? Who *would* like to be Mrs. Major MacWheedleton Dowlas?"

"A sensible female," announced Miss Jacqueline, with scorn, "a sensible female, in choosing the partner of her affections, is not to be influenced by the puerile absurdities likely to affect the lower grades of womanhood."

"Oh, dear!" said Bella, "that's me, isn't it? And you are the sensible female. But would you really, now, Aunt Jack?"

"Would I really?" queried the irate spinster, exclamatorily.

"Like to be Mrs. Major MacWheedleton Dowlas? Oh, Aunt Jack—come now"—incredulously. "Just think how it would look on your cards. Why, I wouldn't, on any consideration. And think of calling him 'MacWheedleton, dearest,' when you wanted a new bonnet. Oh! come now, Aunt Jack."

Now, of course, this was extremely unbecoming in that heartless Bella; but, to do her justice, it must be admitted that she was a prettily-behaved young lady enough toward other people, but being quite human, a long course of Aunt Jack had roused her to rebellion, and at last she had become quite equal to any occasion in which it was necessary to measure swords with her life-long antagonist. Toward her father she was always loving and warm-hearted, and unselfish; and the rest of the household fairly adored her for her good nature and sunny temperament; and certainly none of them adored Miss Jacqueline.

Miss Jacqueline carried on her lofty battles in the servants' hall as well as in the parlor, and was perfectly satisfied with the enmity she inspired; but it seemed the most natural thing in the world, that her inferiors in social position should be fond of Bella; and, as for the colonel himself—well, to say the least, the colonel was infatuated in an elderly way.

When he came down to his breakfast, he found that heartless Bella awaiting his coming complacently, seated in a easy-chair, with a book, and looking quite unruffled and charming, as a result of the success of her early skirmish with her much-revered relative.

"Papa, darling," she said, "who *is* Major MacTweedledum?"

The colonel came to her chair, and kissed her on the top of her elaborate brown crimps, with much paternal dignity.

"My dearest Bella," he said, "that isn't his name at all. You have been talking to Jacqueline, which has made you deliberately irreverent."

Then Miss Rancerne turned her pretty head back on her chair and lifted her pretty, audacious face up and kissed *him*, as she had a not unpleasant habit of doing abruptly, upon all occasions. One of Miss Jacqueline's most acid grievances was that her handsome niece was so disrespectful. Bella was too tall and womanly to be so absurdly child-like, she said; but the colonel never objected, and, really, you know, the colonel was the party most to be censured.

"It is my friend MacWheedleton Dowlas you mean," said the colonel; "and you mustn't let your aunt prejudice you against him, Bella. Of course, the name is bad enough, but the poor fellow isn't to blame for it. His confounded father gave it to him, by way of propitiating an old skinflint of a sister-in-law, who left her money in the end to an asylum for indigent vegetarians, because Mac wouldn't live on barley-water and oatmeal porridge. She was a vegetarian herself, and Mac has often told me how she starved him when he was a little fellow, visiting her house. He is the dearest of my friends, Bella. We were in the same regiment when he was a mere boy, and I a middle-aged man, and he saved my life twice, boy as he was."

"Did he?" cried Miss Jacqueline's enemy. "That makes a difference. Then we'll make love to him, papa."

"Would you?" said the colonel, a trifle eagerly. "He is forty years old, Bella."

"Then," said Bella, "Aunt Jack shall make love to him."

And she got up with a joyous little laugh, and went to the table to pour out the chocolate.

That evening Major Dowlas made his appearance, and the first glimpse of Bella was gained through an open window, as she stood in the garden, drooping in her prettiest, most seductive way, over a bush of scarlet japonicas. There was a cluster of them flaming in her pretty brown hair, and a cluster nestling at her lace collar, and her cheeks were tinged with a happy flush—she had a fashion of flushing and glowing over flowers—and altogether she was indescribably charming.

On seeing her, Major Dowlas blushed—positively blushed—with pleasure, to the very roots of his hair, and at the same he was conscious of an alarming stirring in the region of his heart—she was such a very fresh, feminine sort of a girl, this daughter of Rancerne's.

"I—I thought she was a little girl," he said, with modest hesitation. "I really thought that I once remembered seeing her in a short tucked dress, with a broad sash on!"

"So you did," answered the colonel, gravely, "twelve years ago. That makes *us* feel old, doesn't it? I can scarcely believe it myself, but she is twenty."

And then Bella was called, and came in, with a handful of japonicas, and being introduced to the grizzly-bearded major, and seeing in him a retiring, awkward hero of the middle-age, she was quite delighted, and talked to him with such charming ease and gayety of manner, that he was in a modest state of ecstacy. She made herself very agreeable to him from the first, and after he had been in the house a couple of days, she had taken possession of him entirely, pretty much as she took possession of the colonel himself. She even began to give him little commissions to exonte in the course of time, and discovering (to his deep abasement and abashed misery) that he could play on the flute a little, she at once insisted that he should play duets with her, and display his talents; whereupon he found himself compelled to bring forth his instrument, and joint and unjoint it blushingly, and raise it to the proper pitch with much plaintive tooling. She had a whimsical way of treating him, as if he had been much older than he really was, and his age had privileged her to be merry and coaxing and light-hearted toward him. She gave him flowers out of her garden, now and then, making little breast-knots, and even pinning them on his coat for him, on state occasions, just as she pinned them on her father's; and more than this—she told him her troubles, and was enthusiastically grateful to him for the services he had rendered to "papa."

"If ever I have a lover," she said once, when she was pouring out the chocolate for them at breakfast, "he shall be either like you or like papa, I don't care which, but I insist on one or the other."

She laughed a little when she said it, opening her soft, arch eyes wide, as she handed him his cup; but instead of answering with a jest, as another man would have done, he flushed awkwardly, and had not a word to say, so that poor Bella was a trifle bewildered, and wondered if she had done anything wrong.

That very day she had a brisk breeze with Aunt Jack.

"I don't know," said that lady, sternly, "what John Rancerne is thinking of; but, for my part, I feel it my duty to say that you are making yourself very absurd, Bella."

Bella, who was trimming a geranium that stood before the window, almost dropped her pruning-scissors, in her bewilderment under the unexpected attack.

"What!" she ejaculated, "goodness gracious, Aunt Jack!"

"You are making yourself perfectly ridiculous," snapped Miss Jacqueline, "besides being forward and pert. What do you suppose Major Dowlas thinks of you!"

Bella recovered herself.

"Oh!" she said; "it is the poor, dear old major this time, is it?"

"Old?" said Miss Jack. "He is not over forty."

Here I regret to be obliged to chronicle a mildly vicious speech on the part of my heroine.

"But that seems old, regarding it from my standpoint," she said, "though it may not seem so to you. When I am fifty, I dare say men of forty will look young."

Miss Jack took up her sewing, rolled it up into a ferocious solid form, and prepared to leave the room.

"It may be proper to flirt with gentlemen openly," she said, trembling with suppressed indignation. "Perhaps it is. Of course, you know best; but if I were a young lady, I should feel somewhat embarrassed on finding my jests utterly ignored, as your rather remarkable speech was ignored this morning by Major Dowlas."

When she was gone, Bella went on with her work for a minute or so in silence, and then, all at once, the little pruning shears dropped on the carpet in earnest, and her hands went up to her pink cheeks.

"Aunt Jack is right for once," she said. "He did ignore it. How stupid I was! What did I mean? How could I?"

And she trimmed no more geraniums.

Certainly it was the elder Miss Rancerne's vocation to "make trouble." She went from the parlor and Bella to the sitting-room and Major Dowlas, and finding that gentleman alone, rather perplexed him, after a few minutes conversation, by gradually leading him upon Bella and her delinquencies. She was not wise enough, with all her sharpness, to see that the poor major could not have seen a fault in the girl if she had talked forever.

"It is a great source of trouble to me," she said. "No one has any influence over her, and no one ever will have, so long as Colonel Rancerne continues in his present course. She is disrespectful and frivolous, and sometimes it really seems to me that the girl must be utterly devoid of all sense of honor. I can assure you that only just now I was obliged to reprove her severely for speaking slightingly of yourself—her father's dearest friend!"

The major gave a start, and turned from uncomfortable red to a sudden paleness.

"Of me?" he exclaimed, in a bewildered tone.

"Of you," with asperity. "And it is not the first time, either."

The poor fellow passed his hand over his clouded forehead, coloring deep, awkward, scarlet again.

"I—hope I—hope I have not given her any cause for dislike," he faltered, painfully.

Miss Jack set her lips together.

"Cause for dislike is not necessary," she said. "I have seen the same thing in my niece ever since she was a child—frivolity, falsehood, and impertinent dissimulation."

When Bella met her father's friend again, she very naturally found him graver than usual, and a trifle sad-looking; and the discovery that this was the case had a very unpleasant effect upon her. She had been irritated herself, at first, by Aunt Jack's venomous reminder, but an hour or so had cooled her annoyance, and being a thoroughly nice girl, she had made up her mind, very sensibly, to forget all about it, and treat her friend as cordially as ever.

She remembered so many times when he seemed to like her, that she could not think her careless speech could have had any effect upon him. But when she came into her parlor, and found him looking awkward, and sipping his tea in grave silence, she began to grow warm again. What right had he at forty years of age, to presume to give a thought to what she said in her own house? Papa never did it, and he was only twenty years younger than papa. So, she turned her attention wholly to the colonel, and made herself twice as charming as usual, and even played backgammon with him, which she hated most cordially.

As to Miss Jack, in her feeling of wounded pride and irritation, she was so openly defiant of Miss Jack, that the poor major shrank within himself, and wondered if it was really possible that all he had heard was true.

So, Miss Jacqueline, with her usual tact and address, managed to set two well-disposed, happy people, almost on the path of war. Not that Major Dowlas was rendered aggressive by her amiable intervention; he was not the aggressive party. When he found that, for some unexplained reason, his pretty young friend treated him coldly, and constrainedly; when he found, all at once, after a month of charming witcheries, and girlish freedom, he had entirely and inexplicably lost her, as it were, he blamed her far less than he ought to have done, and only grew more awkward and reserved than ever, and secretly bore a deep-seated pain in his tender old-bachelor heart. But Bella, being much the younger of the two, and having been used better by fortune, all her life, resented the change in his manner more indignantly every day, and at last was so aroused that she found it a difficult matter to restrain her temper.

"I don't like your major, papa," she told her father. "He is stupid and overbearing."

The colonel, who was sitting at his study-table, deeply interested in the "plans and instruments and things," looked up at Miss Bella, and pushed his spectacles up on his bald forehead.

"My—my dear Bella!" he exclaimed—"overbearing! Dowlas? Bless my soul!"

Bella drummed on the table with her fingers, impatiently.

"Yes, he is!" she repeated. "And I don't like him—one atom!"

"Bless my soul!" repeated the astonished colonel. "Why, he is the mildest, most utterly inoffensive man in the world!"

"Oh!" said Bella, "that's nothing but his artfulness. He pretends to be, but he isn't, papa. He is an interfering old thing—so, there!"

"I—I hope—that you have not quarreled with him," hinted the colonel, with meek hesitation.

"Quarreled!" ejaculated Bella, with scorn. "No, indeed!"

"Perhaps, my dear," suggested her father, "perhaps you are a trifle too severe on Dowlas. You see, he—he isn't as young as he once was, and I *have* heard that he once met with a sort of love disappointment, which he found it very hard to forget, and possibly that makes him somewhat grave at times. Don't be too hard on him, Bella. It is a curious coincidence that the woman he loved is living in this very neighborhood now, and perhaps that has its effect on him. She is a widow, and a very handsome woman, too, they tell me."

"Oh!" returned Bella, indifferently.—"That's it, is it? I hope it will end well, I'm sure. They are both old enough now, I suppose, to be wise about the matter."

And immediately she felt heartily ashamed of herself.

In passing through the hall, a few minutes after, she encountered Miss Jack, attired in all the pristine elegance of her company bonnet, and was stopped by her.

"I am going to call on our new neighbor, Mrs. Hethrington," she said, drawing on her glove. "She is an old friend of Major Dowlas's, and a very delightful person, he tells me. I shall return in an hour or so."

Whereupon Bella took her garden hat, and when her estimable relative had disappeared, walked slowly out into the garden, with a sudden consciousness of wonderful discomfort. She did not understand herself, but she felt positively wretched, all at once. Even the geraniums had no attraction for her, and after half an hour's loitering among them, she turned abruptly toward the house again, and running up to her room, shut herself in with burning cheeks.

"I am worse than Aunt Jack," she faltered, laughing a little, though her eyes were nervously wet. "I am more ridiculous and unreasonable and—and silly. I—I must be falling in love with the major. Oh, Bella! Bella! Bella Rancerne!" shaking her finger at herself in the glass, "you are not in earnest, are you?"

And then she laughed again, but found it necessary to wink a shining tear away, nevertheless.

But though she did not believe it, she found it harder to face the major at dinner-time, and was obliged to be very talkative to her father to avoid meeting the honest, grave brown eye that watched her from the other side of the table. Why need he look at her if he didn't like her? And, then, with true feminine inconsistency, she grew angry, and sneered in secret at his unfashionable collar, and ridiculous overgrown necktie.

Miss Jack came home with glowing eulogies of the numerous attractions and many virtues of the widow, and spent the remainder of the day in glorifying her, to Bella's intense disgust. She wasn't interested in the widow, and it bored her to hear her lauded to the skies, after Aunt Jack's most approved style, which was not without its own private spite. From her description, it appeared that Mrs. Hethrington possessed every peculiarity that Bella lacked.

Yet, in spite of this, the next week found her calling on the widow herself; and she was somewhat surprised to find her a very sweet little woman; and it seemed that she was inclined to be frank enough about her lover.

"It is Miss Bella Rancerne, is it?" she said, giving Bella both little plump hands cheerily. "How glad I am to see you. The major has talked about you so much."

Her call ended, Bella went home in a great state of dissatisfaction with herself, and the world in general. She was actually dissatisfied to find the major's old love so agreeable, and she was fiercely disgusted with herself for being dissatisfied.

The first object that met her view on entering the house was the major's trunk, and it appeared that the major's trunk was ready for transportation to some unknown portion of the globe, for it stood in the hall, strapped and locked.

She stopped short a moment, and then a sudden thought flashed across her mind. Perhaps he had been called away unexpectedly, and was gone already. A little fluttering lump rose in her throat as she turned away and walked slowly up-stairs.

On her way there she met Miss Jack.

"Who is going away?" she asked, in her coolest voice.

"Major Dowlas," was the answer. "I believe he is going to India."

"To India!" she exclaimed. "What for? How ridiculous!"

"Not ridiculous at all," said Miss Jack, "considering that he came here from India."

"So he did," said Bella, turning pale. "I had forgotten that."

She did not come down stairs again until dinner, during which she learned all the particulars from her father. The major himself had very little to say. His leave of absence had expired, and he was going back to his duties. That was all.

But before she had finished her dinner, Bella discovered that it was a very terrible "all" to her. She didn't want to lose the major. Old and ill-dressed as he was, she could not bear to lose him, and yet it appeared she must. Her appetite flagged, and she sat with flushed cheeks and pain-bright eyes, playing with her napkin-ring. It was not so laughable an idea, after all, this of falling in love with the major.

It was a silent meal, because everybody was naturally inclined to sadness. The old colonel sighed over his soup, and looked melancholy over his fricasse, and when they rose from the table, one and all looked relieved.

So, in the afternoon, they all bade good-bye to the major, Miss Jack with dignified melancholy, and Bella with constrained composure. She went back into the little parlor as soon as she had said her farewell, and stood before the window waiting for the fly from the railroad station, and looking exceedingly pale and quiet indeed.

She was just standing there, wondering at her own curious, excited misery, when she heard the firm military step passing up the hall, and its simple sound worked a swift change in her. She would not let him go in that manner. He was older than she was, and—perhaps—she had been in the wrong. It could not be wrong to say half a dozen words to him. She swung round just as he neared the open door, and called him in a sweet, troubled voice:

"Major, major, I want you."

He looked up and flushed all over, and then came forward, and something in his manner, some tremor, or hesitation, or sadness, struck Bella so strongly that she got frightened and held out her hand to him, the tears rushing to her eyes with the sweet simple action of a repentant child.

"Oh, major!" she pleaded, "don't go away without—without making friends with me again. I think I should have asked you to forgive me before, if it had not been for Aunt Jack."

And she burst into a gush of the sweetest tears it had ever been the major's pleasure to see a woman shed.

"Friends!" he echoed. "Forgive you? I thought—"

And when he stopped, his touched, tender face was so bewildered that Bella began to wonder, too.

"Aunt Jack said—that—that you didn't approve of me," she said, flushing until she was lovelier than ever; "she said you thought I was disrespectful to you, and—and I didn't mean to be disrespectful to you, major. Oh, *please* do believe me."

Then the major's eyes were opened, old-fashioned and truthful as he was. Fire rushed into his honest face, and color to his tanned cheek.

"Bella," he said, "I have been making a foolish, over-sensitive mistake. Miss Jack told me—well, never mind what Miss Jack told me. At any rate, I was cruel enough to think that you had not been sincere with me—not that I could blame you exactly. At the worst, I thought it was only because you were so young and beautiful that you could not understand an old man's ways, but it hurt me, because—because"—and his voice faltered—"because I loved you, Bella. Don't be angry with me for saying this, my dear girl. I am going away, and shall not trouble you again, you know. I only tell you this to prove to you that Miss Jack was mistaken. I love you, my dear. I love you with all my soul. There, we can part friends, now. Shake hands with me now. The fly is at the door."

But Bella did not move. Both her hands were over her beautiful face, and for a few seconds she stood trembling and palpitating, while the major talked. But when the roll of the fly-wheels ceased, as the vehicle stopped before the door, she dropped her hands and made a little bird-like rush at the honest fellow, and found a resting-place on his shoulder, where she clung, and hid her tender, burning blushes.

"Oh, major!" she cried, "don't go away. *Please, please*, don't go away. You haven't asked me to love you—but—but I do—and—oh, my goodness! what would Aunt Jack say?"

"Bella!" he cried, his brave, warm soul filling his voice and breaking it. "My own!"

"Yes," she whispered, laughing, and trembling, and crying all at once. "I am your own, if you want me, and will save me from Aunt Jack. Do you want me?"

The major's answer is better imagined than described.

As to the widow, she was nothing more than a cheery, honest little woman, who was faithful enough to an old friend to be deeply interested in the progress of his love affair; and on the occasion of the heartless Bella's marriage with the major, it was she who rendered herself invaluable in so many pretty, affectionate, womanly ways that the charming young Mrs. MacWheedleton Dowlas canonized her promptly, and ever afterward clung to her, and claimed her as her dearest adviser and friend.—*Leslie's Lady's Magazine.*

☞ The tourist season in Switzerland has already its annual list of horrors. Four deaths from accidents—two ladies from falling over a precipice, two gentlemen by drowning, and one gentleman murdered.

☞ A parallel to the apple-shooting case of the celebrated William Tell transpired a few days since in Newport, Kentucky, one young man shooting with a pistol, at a distance of fifteen feet, a circular card, two or three inches in diameter, from the head of another young man.

☞ A little child, three years old, was drowned on Friday afternoon, in Albany, N. Y., by falling into a tub partially filled with water.

☞ A New York paper says, in allusion to the artists employed on an illustrated journal: "We would not give a cent for an artist who could not produce pictures that would answer for more than one occasion."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The latest dispatches from North Carolina indicate that Caldwell, Republican, has been elected Governor by a majority of about 1000. It is stated that the Democrats will contest Caldwell's election before the Legislature. The Democrats have a majority of Congressmen and of the State Legislature.

A terrible conflagration has occurred opposite Constantinople on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, by which the village Cosuscomdjouk, inhabited by poor Jews and Greeks, has been destroyed, and more than a thousand families rendered homeless.

The complete census returns of the United States show the total population to be 38,558,371. Of this number 19,493,565 are males, and 19,064,806 are females, showing a preponderance in the male population of 429,759.

It is stated from New York that application has been made for a new cell for Edw. S. Stokes, as the one he is now in "is damp and injurious to his health."

The strike of workmen for eight hours has generally terminated in New York.

BASE BALL.

BOSTON VS. ATLANTIC.

At Boston, August 3, the Redstockings of that city defeated the Atlantic of New York, by a score of 8 to 1.

ATHLETIC VS. BALTIMORE.

At Baltimore, August 5, the disputed game between the Athletic, of this city, and the Baltimore club, was replayed. It was won by the Athletic, 24 to 9.

ATLANTIC VS. BALTIMORE.

At New York, August 8, the Atlantic defeated the Baltimore by a score of 10 to 8.

☞ "What's that?" said a teacher, pointing out the letter X, to a little ragged urchin. "Daddy's name." "No, no, my boy." "Yes, it is, I've seen him write it a good many times."

☞ Knightsville, Ind., has a well which keeps accurate time. At precisely two o'clock, night and day, it throws up a jet of water. It is now over a thousand feet deep, and is still being bored with a view to ultimate oil.

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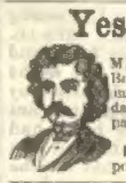

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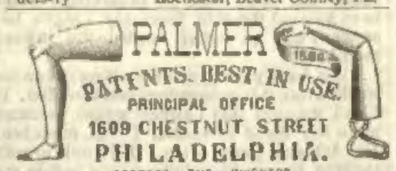

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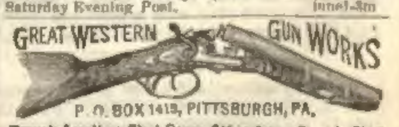

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**

WIT AND HUMOR.

UNCLE ZEKE'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Some years ago there lived in one of our large cities an eccentric character known as Uncle Zeke, who never lost a chance of perpetrating a practical joke. Any place or occasion suited him, provided he could make his point. One fine Sunday he repaired to a fashionable church, some time after the services had commenced, and as there was not a seat vacant, he took a prominent position in the centre aisle, where he stood bolt upright, with his high stove-pipe hat clapped tightly on his head. Of course he attracted much attention, and very soon the sexton, a man for whom Uncle Zeke had an especial dislike, came creaking up to him and whispered that he must take off his hat.

"That's agin my principles," said Uncle Zeke.

"I can't help that," said the sexton, impatiently, "you must take it off."

"But I won't," replied Uncle Zeke.

"Then I shall take it off for you," said the sexton, who was becoming very nervous on account of the attention this whispered colloquy had occasioned.

"All right," said Uncle Zeke; "you kin take it off. That ain't agin my principles."

The sexton thereupon took hold of the rim of Uncle Zeke's hat and dexterously lifted it off his head. But what was the respectable sexton's horror when about two quarts of hickory nuts rolled out of the hat and went clattering and banging over the church floor.

And that was Uncle Zeke's joke on the sexton.

PARENTAL INSTINCT.

As the cars stopped at a small town in Minnesota, an honest-looking German and family came on board the train. The "family" consisted of numerous bundles, a wife, and a quantity of children of assorted sizes, from the babe in arms up to a boy of twelve. The German, after stowing his bundles in the forward seats of the smoking-car, proceeded to place his wife and offspring near them. This accomplished, he seated himself for a smoke. All at once, as the signal whistled for starting, he dashed out of the car into the station, returning with another child in his arms that had been asleep, barely catching the train before it moved. As he passed, one of the passengers said, laughingly,

"You came near forgetting that one."

"No," replied Hans, "I don't forget him; *but den I count dem, and I miss one!*"

BRUDDER DICKSON.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of our New England towns, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between the two respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave that communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand. "It was jess like dis—I joined dat church in good faith. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin' ob de gospel de fust year, and de people call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business was not berry good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, sir, it goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—and I give nothing for preaching. Well, sah, after dat, dey called me old nigger Dickson, an' I left 'em."

So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, who was well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left the church.

SMART BOY.

The following conversation between a man named Jones and a boy was overheard by a St. Louis gentleman the other day:—

"I say, Jim, what is the difference between the *commencement* and the *beginning* of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim, "what is it?"

"There ain't any," was the reply.

"I see," replied Jim. "Now you tell me this. A jackass was on one side of a river, and some hay on the other, and the jackass wanted to get at the hay without wetting his feet. How did he do it?"

"I don't know," said Jones; "I give it up."

"So did the other jackass," said Jim.

A WESTERN JOKE.

The Peoria Transcript tells this joke on one of the denizens of that place:—Two gentlemen recently went across the river, several miles, hunting snipe. One of them understood the business; the other did not, having only "heard tell of it," and dreamed about it. The man who was posted told the other that he must take a bag, hold its mouth open, and stand quietly until the birds flew into the bag, as they surely would do. So the uninitiated chap took his post to wait for the coming of the birds, while the other went into the woods to scare them towards the man with the bag. Instead of attempting to scare up any birds he walked leisurely back to the city, and went to bed. The victimized individual came back about one o'clock at night, complaining that he had not caught a bird, and that his companion in hunting had been lost. When the story came out somebody was mad, but had to treat, nevertheless.

THE STORY OF LOWRY'S CAT CONDENSED.

Jim Stewart, of Erie, is a good natured, shrewd darkey. He lives near the house of Hon. C. Lowry. Mrs. Lowry has too many cats. One, especially is a nuisance. So she gives Jim one dollar to put it away, so she will never see it again. Jim takes the dollar and the cat and goes down street. Meeting Mr. Lowry, he sells it to him as one of the great Rocky Mountain mousers for the pretty sum of four dollars; Jim now has five dollars; and the Hon. Mr. Lowry takes his cat home to find that he has been badly sold by the darkey. At last account the Hon. M. B. Lowry was walking the streets of Erie, armed with a walking stick, and wondering why a man can never find that nigger when he wants to see him."

THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Working-man—"Ain't you going to send that boy of yours to school, Bill?" *Bill*—O, will I? He went one day, and when he come home he told me it was repr'ens'ble to get drunk. Think I'll have p'rential feelin's outraged, an' all the sweet an' 'oly union of 'ome 'fection broken up by swells teachin' of him? Come an' stan' a pint?"

SMALL FOR ITS AGE.

A close-fisted old fellow, in treating a friend to some liquor, poured out a very small drink. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked very skeptically, "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, it is very small for its age."

No Proof.—*Lawyer*—"How do you identify this handkerchief?" *Witness*—"By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it." *Lawyer*—"That's no proof, for I have one just like it in my pocket." *Witness*—"I don't doubt that. I had more than one of the same sort stolen."

DAYBREAK.

The waning morn, still hanging high,
Shines soft on Pablo's breast;
The coast-range mountains and the sky
Meet dimly in the West.

Far East there breaks a golden light,
With many a rosy ray:
Diablo's top shows clear and bright
Against the sky-arch gray;

A crown of snow surmounts its crest,
And gulches grim are seen,
That mark its brown and rugged breast,
With lava-wastes between.

Adown the Straits of Carquinez,
Suisun's waves, gleaming, glide;
Up from the shores rolls snow-white haze,
'Neath which the foot-hills hide.

The lights around grow faint, and fade;
And now the convent bell
To matins calls each vow-bound maid—
Or matron—from her cell.

San Augustine rings heavily
The summon-chime for prayer;
And from the camp the reveille
Comes sharply through the air.

And as the morn-star pales away
Loud booms the warning gun,
While echoes, answering, seem to say:
"Another day begun!"

San Francisco Morning Call.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 31.

THE MISANTHROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

M. Eugene Ferarr was sitting directly opposite, and I was in a state of boyish jubilation over the unexpected meeting. We had been students together at the little university of H—— where there sprung up a mutual—as I had faith to believe—affection, possessing all the romantic fervor of girlhood united to the strength of our sterner sex.

The years I will confess that had intervened since we had parted from those old classic shades had worked changes in the face and manner of M. Eugene, but could I complain when for aught that I knew as great, if different changes, perhaps, were apparent in myself. I had thought when I first grasped the hand, and looked into the eye of Ferarr, that the world had given me back the innocent, free-hearted student of the olden time; but an hour afterwards, as we sat by the window of my meagre little office where for months I had smoked cheap cigars and waited for business, I began to trace the mysterious hieroglyphics with which the soul outlines itself upon the face, and I was not, could not be pleased with the mystic characters, symbolizing the inner life. He had been in by and forbidden paths. He had been in the pits and rings, and upon the race-course of life had staked and lost; but then there thundered out from the temple portals of by-gone centuries the great, little sentence. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

I learned that M. Eugene had spent some three years in Germany and the East seeing the sights. In his jottings to me while absent, his letters had taken the form and brevity of official dispatches; but as he promised me a prosy journal I nursed my hungry soul in patient expectation. But somewhere on his route the hotel had been burned, and his MS. had proven itself literally to be thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Now I noticed, in referring to that time, he skimmed like a bird from one light perch to another, and I thought that he might pass over huge chasms and dark ravines unknown to me. But what then? If I felt a disappointment in the meeting after so many years, why it was but another "Apple of Sodom," more or less of which you and I, dear reader, have got to taste.

Well, after our first unexpected meeting, Eugene was often much in my sanctum, greatly to the detriment of previous methodical studies, yet he was a sort of recreation in himself which I felt that I needed. But after a time as I studied him and I had become accustomed to study all things that presented themselves before my vision, I grew restless at his appearance; that is, he brought an influence not agreeable to my intuitions.

It was at a time when intrigues were rife, especially in the fevered Rue de ——, and I conceived the idea directly that M. Eugene was in some way connected with them. Whether my conjectures were right or wrong you will ascertain at length.

He was often in the habit of speaking of his friend, M. Latimer, and at last I got so interested in this often-quoted man, that I suggested to Eugene to bring his friend into my poor quarters some time. The invitation was accepted with alacrity.

Mon Dieu! what a face it was that which I had invited. Blue, blood-streaked, rolling eyes, under brows that projected like house eaves, short-cropped hair, rimmed in so closely that it gave the ears an unnatural projection, and a huge bronze moustache, curving around the corners of the mouth and pointing together on the chin like the claws of a crab. The gigantic shoulders, carried rather high up, could have balanced enormous weights. The thick neck supported a head heavy enough in its development of the lower half to hold it firmly in place.

"Mon Dieu!" said I again, glancing at the bronze, peculiar moustache, "what have we here? A Trojan warrior or Roman Gladiator?"

His deep voice and slow speech conveyed the idea that every word was weighed before it was uttered. Le diable! what a turn it gave me to look at him, and yet in half an hour I was completely fascinated with the man. If you touched upon foreign or domestic matters, he honored you with his eager attention; and if you chose personal knowledge of foreign or domestic matters, he had been there and could give you reliable information.

Five minutes after I had pressed him to honor me often with his presence, I could have twisted the skin from my tongue because it had no better heeded the inward monitor.

I can hardly tell you how matters got on for weeks after this momentous introduction. If I had thought that Latimer would presume upon my eager invitation I was mistaken. He did not come often. I found myself longing to see him full eagerly before my wishes were gratified. During this time I noted how thin and hollow-eyed M. Eugene was growing. Some vampyre preyed upon his vitals, else debauch, like a worm at the root, gave signs of decay. His temper, too, was as changeable as autumn weather. How could I dream of what was in his heart?

One evening he came in to me as if he were a staunch Catholic and I his father confessor. He then made known to me that he had wasted a princely estate in wild dissipations, but had now concluded to do what he could to retrieve his losses. He said that he was about to marry a titled lady—that was, if he could procure sufficient funds to keep up the illusion of wealth until the final knot was tied.

"What then?" I indignantly asked.

"Why, my family is old and possessing good blood, and she must fall back on the pedigree to heal all disappointments."

I was astounded at the cool villainy of the whole affair; at which M. Eugene laughed placidly, and congratulated me on my verdancy and fine principles, capping the climax of my amazement by requesting the loan of three thousand francs.

INDUCTIVE FLATTERY.

Lady.—"That is a portrait of dear papa, before he wore a beard and moustache, you know."
Gentleman.—"Indeed! How *very* lovely your mamma must have been!"

Diable! How should he know the exact amount of my hard years' scrapings. I requested time for consideration, which being properly put meant time to recover my wits. The result was, that I refused the loan upon the same well grounded principles, that I did not choose to become a party to such a huge fraud. M. Eugene took the matter altogether different from what I had imagined. His equanimity was not for a moment disturbed, yet he affirmed with matchless good humor, that he must marry Count L——'s daughter by hook or by crook.

After this, for some weeks, my old time friend was not so frequent a visitor, and I mentally rejoiced that so much evil influence would "avaunt!" at the bidding. Besides, just at this time I was thrown into the greatest excitement by finding an advertisement in my daily paper, reading—

"The heir, or heirs, of Pierre Murdoux will be greatly advantaged by personally presenting themselves, or communicating by letter, with M. Jerome,

"Attorney,

"Rue ——, D——."

Pierre Murdoux was my maternal uncle, and I had good reasons to answer the summons personally. I therefore made hasty preparations for getting through on the midnight express, undeterred by the damp and shrouding fog.

At half-past five, M. Eugene came whistling in, and was much surprised at my intentions of going off on the train, said that he had found it necessary to go himself as far as H——; then, after a moment's hesitation, he frankly inquired if I would not as lief take charge of his invalid cousin as far as H——, which would save him an inconvenient journey and greatly oblige him.

My conscience having previously smitten me for my curtness in refusing the loan of my money, I was willing to undertake any conciliatory enterprise, and so I remarked to him.

"She is down here on a visit, and feeling a trifle homesick has decided to return under my escort—but I cannot afford the time just now, and you will find the poor crippled creature no trouble, aside from setting her in the carriage with you; her friends will take her off at H——."

Rejoicing in my enviable secret, which I wisely forbore to disclose, I felt that I could afford to be affable to every one whom I might meet, therefore it was arranged that Annie should be given into my care.

At 8.30 my train was due, and I got on board after looking in vain for Eugene. Concluding that some unlooked-for event had transpired to prevent his appearance, I took an unoccupied carriage, the better to revel in my new hopes, and away we went.

At a little station two and a half miles from the city suburbs, we slackened for passengers. It was a dark little place, imperfectly lighted, and I was quite surprised to find M. Eugene and Latimer lifting or assisting a female in and placing her carefully in a seat.

"There, Annie," said M. Eugene, as he arranged her more comfortably, "you will be quite safe with M. Murdoux, and—good-bye," for the engine was coughing impetiently. "You can't talk much with her," he remarked as he sprang past me, "as she is somewhat hard of hearing." The huge backbone of the train gave a premonitory jerk, Eugene sprang off, and we were rattling along, making up for lost time.

The light burned dimly, and the girl kept her veil down, but the hands folded in her lap were soft and white enough for any lady in the land. I ventured some remark, leaning towards her, and she nodded repeatedly; but remembering my friend's remark concerning her infirmity, I felt no awkwardness at the silence. Eight miles along the route, and I knew by the way she shuffled about that she was asleep. By-and-by her fingers fell apart, and as I speculated on what I should do with my new possessions, I found myself watching those white, thin hands.

Suddenly a tremor ran through my nerves by reason of the flip, flip, forward and back of them; and with the wildest, oddest and most terrible ideas trooping headlong in my distracted mind, I leaned closer to her and spoke louder. Jerk, jerk, jerk, nodded the nerveless head. Emboldened by a nameless horror, I touched her hands. They had the peculiar cold dampness of death. In desperation I threw up the veil. The fixed and filmy eyes of a corpse stared with a peculiar expression at me. I shouted hoarsely in my terror, and I had not discovered a tithe of what was and what might be then.

I said some emotion has overcome her, and she has swooned. Yet with an unaccountable horror I tore at the fastenings of her cloak. I snatched my hands back in an instant. They were damp and sticky with blood. Mon Dieu! The poor girl was murdered, and as the possibilities and probabilities of the case rushed upon my mind, I sprang to the door of the carriage. It was locked on the outside. A bound brought me to the rear entrance—that also was hopelessly fastened. Think of me, my auditors. Do you wonder that I became stupefied with horror as I realized my fate? Then again I sprang wildly up, I shouted, I raved, and beat the doors and tried the windows. Alas! alas! no mode of extrication could be found. And the train was driving at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I screamed from the windows to be let out, but you know that I was unheard. And the nodding at my few questions was the hunching about of the still unstiffened corpse. God of the universe! what was I to conjecture? Nothing beside that it was premeditated murder, the purpose yet unknown, and the assassins were M. Eugene and his ally, Latimer; and I had been purposely trapped to suffer the consequences of their crime. I must have died at the appalling atrocity of the deed only as I was consumed of rage at the way I had become implicated. I was yet to fathom deeper depths of infamy.

As I settled back calm with desperation, I foresaw something of what was to follow. At H——, the carriage was entered by officials, who had been telegraphed to be on the lookout for a person of my description. Resistance was worse than useless, as the station was crowded with people and "proper authorities." Do you conceive of the whole horror of my position? My hands were stained with blood, and the handkerchief with which I wiped them was in my pocket, I had not thought to drop it out of the window, but what did it matter? The body of the dead girl was removed for an inquest. She was found to be stabbed to the heart in two or three places. Worse still there were papers about her person showing that she was connected with, or knew something of the conspiracies then convulsing society.

My trial lasted but a short time, as the plot had been so nicely arranged, that I could not call up any witnesses, and the murderous facts were strong and overwhelming. But quite unexpectedly, my uncle, Pierre Murdoux, came in with a certificate proving two things—My previous good character, and the impossibility of my being implicated in the murder—and the, to me, astounding fact that he was still hale and hearty, without the least symptom of allowing his heirs to pooch upon his preserves. The advertisement, you perceive, had been a hoax and a part of the terrible plan.

I was lodged in the modern bastile yonder, with the bull's-eye grating, and for five years the rats were my sole companions. Then the confession of a wretch doomed to the guillotine—M. Latimer—swept the pall from my honor, and I came out into the sunlight from the prison damps penniless. M. Eugene had forged a draft upon my banker and got my three thousand francs after all.

The murdered girl was not identified, and I have a theory that the poor creature as a suburban beauty knew too much about Ferarr, and stood in the way of his marrying the count's daughter. And I had been snared so that the headsman might try his skill upon my neck and thus prevent the discovery of the forgery. Do you wonder that I am misanthropic?

AMERICANS PHYSICALLY.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who has travelled extensively in Europe and instituted comparisons in regard to the size of our own and other people, concludes that the skeleton of the average American man is larger than that of the man of any other country. He further remarks, "No men in Europe can compare in size and strength with Kentuckians, Tennesseeans, Virginians, and men of some other parts of the country—and I am fortified in this assertion by the evidence of Dr. Russell, of the London Times, who, when walking by a regiment of Tennesseeans in line, found the top of his hat even with the chins of the soldiers. I was some time in England before my eyes rested on the typical John Bull as portrayed by Punch. They are very scarce—as scarce as the caricatured Yankee."

☞ A witty son of St. Patrick was in charge of a ferry-boat. A lady passenger, being frightened by the waves, asked him, "Are people ever lost by this boat?" He gave her the encouraging reply: "Not often, ma'm; we generally find them afterward by dragging the river."

☞ A volunteer at Wimbledon, England, shooting for the Queen's prize the other day, made the remarkable score of five consecutive bull's eyes in five shots at two hundred yards.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lo (Ogden, New York,) writes: "I ask the following questions: may I be answered through the columns of the Post? I am nineteen years of age, my health is not very good, I rank as sophomore at college in classical course. Nearly two years ago I left college against the desire of my father, and entered one of the best law offices in our county for business with the idea of becoming a lawyer, I am now prepared to be admitted to practice, but my age will not allow, I have a friend who offers to forward me funds to graduate at college, my father having failed in business since my departure, upon condition that I pay him use for money, and principal when I accumulate enough by my practice. Contrary to advice of my friend, my tutor at law advises me to remain in the law office, prepare well for practice, be admitted as soon as possible, and commence doing business. 1st. Which had I better do? 2d. Is it very necessary that a lawyer should have a college education? 3d. In what manner did the safety of ancient Troy depend upon the preservation of the statue of the Goddess Pallas? 4th. Who was Maron? 5th. What are the dates of his birth and death?" It is not at all probable that at your age you are sufficiently acquainted with law to be ready to enter into practice. There is no fear that you will know too much by the time you arrive at the proper age. Besides, the advice of your tutor is better than any we can give you, as he must know the extent of your acquirements, and what you yet need, much better than we can. We think then that you had better keep to the law, but at the same time pursue studies to acquire general information. Your other questions indicate that you need more instruction in spelling, history and mythology. It was Athens, not Troy, that was under the protecting care of Pallas. This Goddess assisted the Greeks in their war against Troy. We presume your fourth question refers to General Marion. He was an American officer in the Revolutionary War, who assisted greatly in destroying the British power in South Carolina. He was born in 1732, and died in 1795.

Alma, G. T. (Pella, Iowa) asks: "Has the story of George Canterbury's Will, by Mrs. Henry Wood, which was in the Post in 1869 and 1870 ever been published? If so, where can I get it, or can I get back numbers from 1870 till the end of that story? I read as far as 1869 goes, and should like to read the rest. What do you think or my handwriting?" It is published in book form for $1.75. We can procure it for you if you wish. Your handwriting needs improvement, and a study of the best modes of forming the letters.

A. J. R. (Wadesville, Va.,) says: "Permit an admirer of your valuable paper to make a few inquiries. 1st. Which would be most proper in speaking of gentlemen who have been officers in the army, to call them captain or colonel (as the case may be), or to call them Mr.? 2d. If a gentleman calls upon a lady, and the family are seated on the porch, or in the sitting-room, and he should take a seat with them, and afterwards be invited to the parlor, would it be the polite thing to say a polite 'Thank you,' or what should he say? 3d. What are the seven wonders of world? 4th. How is the name Doré pronounced?" It is usual to address ex-army officers by their titles, and this appears to be no more than common courtesy demands. There may be cases in which such persons prefer the plain Mr., but such instances are rare, and you can in all cases be safely governed by the mode of address used by their friends. 3d. "Thank you" would be quite correct, and could be followed by the necessary words to accept or decline the invitation. 3d. The ancient Seven Wonders were, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Mausoleum, or tomb of King Mausolus, at Halicarnassus; the Pharos, or light-house, of Alexandria; the Pyramids of Egypt; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Statue of Jupiter, by Phidias; and the Colossus of Rhodes. 4th. Pronounce Dor-a, with long sound of a.

Quenist, (Quincy, Ill.,) writes: I desire information in regard to a fish or fishes, as the case may be. We get in the Quincy market boxes of fish marked 'Yarmouth Bloaters.' These are large. We used to, years ago, get a much smaller kind called herring. There is also another larger kind called Dutch herring. I am told that the first-mentioned are caught on the coast of Massachusetts. My impression is that they come from Yarmouth, England, a description of the Yarmouth fisheries being given in one of Dickens's novels, David Copperfield, I think. Where are the several kinds caught, and what makes the difference in name and size? What is the name for a collection of stuffed birds? Cabinet would be proper, but has not such a collection a particular or scientific name? Also, what is the proper way to pronounce Agassiz and Disraeli?" The herring caught at the various fisheries differ considerably in size. Other differences are caused by variations in the modes of curing. The bloater is a smoke-dried herring, largely prepared at Yarmouth, England, though the same name may be given to similar preparations of American fish. The Dutch herring is probably a product of the Holland fisheries, similarly cured. A collection of stuffed birds might properly be called a Cabinet, and has no specially distinctive name that we are aware of. Pronounce Ag-a-sez, and Dis-ra-le, with long a and e.

Ilda (Casey, Ill.,) asks: "Who is the late Sir Francis Drake? And where and what is the estate to be divided among the legal heirs?" The only Sir Francis Drake who has historically come under our notice is the sturdy old Admiral Drake of Queen Elizabeth's time, who gained celebrity by piratical incursions on the Spanish American settlements. We know of no late person of the name, and, judging from the usual results of American claims on English estates, would say that the estate in question is in the moon, or might as well be for all the good you will ever get of it.

One of Haines's Two Boys (Gilboa, O.,) writes: "I have taken considerable interest in the Post, and have never bothered you with any questions until this time, and would like you to answer as fully as your time will permit the following questions: 1st. Give us a description of the gold-room at New York, and the manner of conducting it? 2d. Tell us who the bulls and bears are, and give a general explanation of the many terms made use of there? In fact I would be glad to see a whole column or more devoted to the subject, and know it would interest me very much and think it would interest many of your readers." We have not space at our disposal to give a full answer to your question. The bull is a broker who operates to advance the price of a stock, the bear to lower the price. The terms come from the habit of the bull to toss things up with his horns, while the bear carries his head low. The business of the board of gold brokers is to buy and sell gold, either on their own account, or under orders from customers. The mass of operations, however, is simply a game of chance played on the fluctuations in the gold premium, only the difference in price at the times of selling and delivering changing hands. Thus if a sum of gold be sold, agreeing on a limit of time for delivery, if the premium should advance the seller simply pays over the difference in premium; if it declines the buyer pays the difference.

Jack Blair (Ohio) says: "By your leave, I will ask you a question or two. Is the printer's trade a good trade to learn? What are the wages a first-class printer gets? To make a long thing short, would you advise a person who thinks he would like the business to learn it?" Most trades are good to persons with taste and talent for them. The amount of wages depends very largely on the ability of the person. The printer's trade is a good one, but is not adapted to every person, and each must judge for himself for what he is best fitted. We cannot undertake to advise on such points.

H. A. W. (Auburn, Ind.) says: "You will oblige a subscriber by answering the following questions:—1st. How long is the longest railroad in the world, where is it, and what is its name? 2d. To what length do boa constrictors sometimes grow? 3d. How does the present population compare with that of 1863? 4th. When did the present Constitution go into effect? 5th. Of what use is the auditory nerve? 6th. Where was the first and the last battle of the great rebellion fought? 7th. Does a soft sound move as fast as a loud one? 8th. Where are the most miles of telegraph wire, in the United States or in England? 9th. Were there any naval battles fought during the Revolution? If there were, by what name are they known? 10th. What is the greatest distance that the human voice has ever been heard? 11th. In the word April, has it got the long or the short sound? I have heard some people give it the long sound, and others again give it the short sound. I think it has the short sound. Am I right or wrong? 12th. Is the city of Chicago nearly rebuilt again since the great fire?" 1st. The longest railroad is the Union Pacific, being 1032 miles long from Omaha to Ogden, and with the connecting railroad to San Francisco 1914 miles long. 2d. The boa constrictor is seldom found more than twelve feet long. Other members of the boa family grow from 20 to 35 feet long. 3d. The population at the census of 1870 was about seven millions more than at that of 1860. 4th. The Constitution of the United States was finally accepted by all the States in 1790, and went at once into effect. 5th. The auditory nerve is that which goes to the ear, and conveys the sensation of sound to the brain. 6th. The first battle of the war was at Big Bethel, Va., June 9th, 1861. The last was that fought previous to the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox Court House, April 12th, 1865. 7th. All sounds are said to move with equal speed, though there is some reason to believe that very loud sounds travel rather more rapidly than others. 8th. The United States. 9th. Yes. The most important was that in which the Bon Homme Richard captured the Serapis. 10th. We are not aware that it has ever been scientifically tested. 11th. You are right. 12th. It is being rapidly rebuilt, but it will be a long time yet before it is fully renewed.

Nena, (Princeton, Ky.,) writes: "I have just finished reading ——. Could you get for me the sequel to it, entitled ——; and at what price? Also at what can I get a dozen or half dozen of Dickens's works, paper covers? 2d. Are you T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and doing business together? 3d. Can you tell me something of the play Fra Diavolo, who and what the origin is? Is it not on the order of the Black Crook, and a very immoral and obscene play?" We can obtain it for you, price $1.75 in cloth. Dickens's works, in cheap paper, can be furnished at 35 cents each. 2d. No. 3d. Fra Diavolo is the name of a favorite opera, and has not the character which you suppose. It derives its name from that of a bloodthirsty Italian brigand, but is not otherwise connected with his history.

Bruce Townsend. We will not criticise, either by letter or in these columns, any contributions sent to us for examination. We have never received an article from you entitled "Warblings." It must have been lost in the mail.

Garnet. Your poem "Chimes" is declined. Your handwriting is pretty good.

X. Y. Z., (Eilsie, S. C.,) wants a piece of poetry called "Who Would Care for Mother, Then?" published. Can any one send us a copy?

"Exiley." "*The American Newspaper Reporter*" is published weekly, by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 41 Park Row, New York City.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 65 letters.
My 20, 50, 55, 4, 51, 39, 33, 65, is the birthplace of a poet.
My 7, 33, 8, 23, 59, 5, 41, 46, 28, 57, 1, 33, 4, is the name of one of Hawthorn's works.
My 19, 52, 64, is an article much used in warm weather.
My 16, 48, 58, 11, is the name of a celebrated poet.
My 3, 50, 46, 21, 30, 2, 17, 44, 50, 12, 61, is the name of a charming authoress, who writes for the "Post."
My 53, 63, 14, 33, 40, 56, is the name of a character in Macbeth.
My 32, 7, 46, 36, 29, 49, is a division of land.
My 30, 6, 24, 49, 60, 27, is a quality which all should possess.
My 9, 28, 18, is the name of a favorite beverage.
My 62, 31, 23, 63, 54, 34, is the name of a bird.
My 15, 40, 54, 24, 26, is the name of an Italian poet.
My 47, 43, is an exclamation.
My 45, 3, 51, 35, is something that all animals possess.
My 38, 36, 46, 10, 59, 25, 61, 29, 13, 40, is the name of one of United States.
My 37, 22, 42, 17, is the name of a plaything very popular among boys.
My whole is a quotation from one of Shakspeare's plays.

Philadelphia. LINA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Famed for labor, always busy,
Never dodging work for play,
See my first with zeal untiring,
Striving for a future day.
Giving sound in strife and battle,
Yet joined with the gentle dove,
Greet my second—blest with pleasure,
Still it makes an end to love.
Watch the red man on a journey,
Prairie wastes, or forest lair,
And my third, his step attending,
You will ever witness there.
Named in many a poet's tribute,
Happy in its free control,
Bounds in wild glee o'er the distance,
Fleetly on, my graceful whole.

EMILY.

BURIED MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You can never esteem a kind friend too highly.
The chasm is very deep, yet narrow.
A wicked man deserves punishment.
He lost his hat last evening.
When we reached the hill-top, I consented to rest.
We found him there busily engaged.
Although he claimed much, he received but little.
Is he a native of Wilmington, N. C., or Norfolk, Va.?
This is an interesting paper, duly edited.
We should look on God as a supreme being.
I will return your Algebra soon.
The artist is now twenty-one years old.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

CRYPTOGRAPHS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

"L l n n oo s a d m es C."

II.

"E s l i t t m w h o w s D."

Sussex, Va. ANDREW.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

RIDDLE—China-Chin-A. CHARADE—Shell-bark. ENIGMA—An enigma written for the Post.

WORD SQUARE—

SHAD
HARE
AREA
DEAL

RECEIPTS.

To Cook Egg Plants.—The best way is to cut them in slices a half an inch thick, spread them on a plate, strew a little salt over them, and allow them to stand ten minutes for the sap to escape. Turn them over in a well-beaten egg, and then in flour, and fry them in very hot butter or lard, as you would fresh fish, which they resemble when thus cooked. Another way: Roast them as our mothers used to roast potatoes, though it does not require half the time. Remove the skin while hot, mash, and season with butter, pepper, and salt. Many here, instead of butter, use mustard oil, and add uncooked onions, leeks, and cayenne peppers chopped fine, also a little roasted fish pounded fine. Still another method: Cut the vegetable, stem and all, into halves. Boil them, and when quite soft, carefully scrape the inside from the skin; season to suit the taste, and return to the skins, filling them even full. Arrange them on a plate with the stem extending over the edge, then strew them with some nicely toasted bread-crumbs.

Apple and Peach Pie.—If made of early green apples, they must be stewed with a little water, sweetened with sugar, and nutmeg grated over the top. Bake without a lid of paste. Winter apples are pared, cored, sliced thin, and put into a dish lined with paste, with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and a little sugar and very little water. Bake with a cover of paste. Peaches are pared and sliced, sugared, and put into a pie-plate lined with crust, with a tablespoonful of water. Cover with paste.

Cream Cheese.—Put a quart of cream into a clean jug, with half a teaspoonful of salt stirred in, and let it stand a day or two till thickish. Then fold a cloth about six or eight times, and sprinkle it with salt, then lay it in a sieve about eight inches in diameter. The sides of the cloth should come up well over the sieve. Then pour in the cream, and sprinkle a little salt on it. Change the cloth as often as it becomes moist, and as the cheese dries press it with the cloth and sieve. In about a week or nine days it will be prime and fit to eat. The air alone suffices to turn the cream into cheese.

Another.—Take about half a pint of cream, tie it up in a piece of thin muslin, and suspend it in a cool place. After five or six days take it out of the muslin, and put it between two plates, with a small weight on the upper one. This will make it a good shape for the table, and also help to ripen the cheese, which will be fit to use in about eight days from the commencement of the making.

A Good Washing Recipe.—Mix half a gallon soft-soap with half a gill of alcohol; rub this mixture on the soiled clothes, and soak them three hours in moderately warm water; then rinse out nicely in clean water.

To Make Leaven.—Stir corn-meal in a pint of fresh buttermilk; add an old yeast-cake dissolved in water; make it about the consistence of batter bread, and set it in a warm place to rise. When well risen, add more meal, make it into cakes, and dry in the shade.